THE

# LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

## *ENTERTAINING COMPANION*

FOR

## THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

### SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JUNE, 1807.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:*


1 EUGENIO and ZELMA.
2 LONDON Fashionable AFTERNOON DRESS.
3 New and elegant PATTERN of a SHIRT.
4 New and elegant DRAWING of a CARD BOX.


LONDON:

*Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;*

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received W. M. T.'s *Poetical Essay*, in the manner of Spenser: it shall appear in our next.

The continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* is intended for our next.

We are much obliged to SOPHIA TROUGHTON for her communication: her poetical contribution, though it came too late for this month, shall not be neglected.

L. T.'s communications hav. been received, and the contributor has our thanks.

THE

# LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For JUNE, 1807.

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## EUGENIO and ZELMA

### A TALE.

By S. Y.

*(With an elegant Engraving.)*

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desart air.'
GRAY.

MEN situated in private stations attract no observation by their manners, nor do they acquire celebrity by their goodness. They live contented at a distance from the splendid theatre of the world, and devote their attention to the accumulation of a competency, or contribute to the happiness of others; while they live unknown but to a slender circle of acquaintance, and die unregretted, except by the partners or offspring of their beds, and all remembrance of them is shortly consigned to oblivion.

Eugenio was the son of an honest peasant, who lived upon the tillage of a little land; which, with industry, afforded a sufficiency for himself and his aged father and mother. Pride was unknown to him; the gaudy garb was none of his; no spangled vest or embroidered coat had marked him of the anomalous breed of ycleped *beau garçons*. The linnet's russet brown was all the colour that decked his form, while manly grace and natural elegance appeared in every motion of his limbs; his sunburnt cheek gave lustre to his dark-blue eyes, while they spoke all the honest language of his heart, and beamed forth sensibility.

'———— Of men
The happiest he; who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.'

In a cottage nearly adjoining that of the virtuous Eugenio dwelt Zelma, a maid of still humbler birth. She was poor and unprotected; the daughter of a villager, whom she had the misfortune to lose in her infancy. She was the chief support of an aged and afflicted mother; she was untaught and unpretending, the child

of simplicity. Her person was handsome, and neatness added elegance: she studied no vain fantastic ornament to adorn it; in short, she was a complete *Lavinia*.

'A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The lovely ZELMA.'

Eugenio's compassion at first attached him to this helpless pair. He used to till their little garden; he furnished them with every assistance which his not affluent means afforded—and in the evening, after they had finished their employ, he used to accompany the beauteous maid and her aged mother, in a walk round the delightful groves that surrounded their lowly dwellings. But as the beauteous maid grew towards womanhood, her opening charms made deep impressions upon young Eugenio's heart. It is unnecessary to say that Zelma's heart soon became sensible of his worth, and that their love was mutual. Their fortunes smiled, friends approved; the day, the hour, was fixed to make them one. The altar was prepared, and Hymen was lighting his torch, when, O sad state of sublunary bliss! Eugenio felt the pangs of sickness seize on all his frame, and the most fatal symptoms of approaching death: no power could force his faithful Zelma from the bed-side, where, changed and dying, her Eugenio lay. He asked for a little box, in which was deposited his portrait.—'This,' said he, 'accept, Zelma; it will remind you of me when I am no more, and when this heart shall have forgot to love.'

Zelma took the miniature, and gazed on it with a kind of weeping rapture that wants a name. She dwelt on every feature till imagination almost gave it life, and then burst into tears.

Eugenio felt the king of terror's near approach, and, grasping Zelma's hand in his, implored that she would cease to grieve for him.—'Still, dear Zelma! may your presence gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on your happy cottage! May you be happy, happy in your duty to your aged mother!—Adieu, Zelma! I must depart: I go to that region of bliss where we shall meet, never to depart.' And ere the word 'farewell!' was ended, Eugenio's spotless soul was fled.

Zelma led her drooping mother to Eugenio's grave, accompanied by his poor aged parents; while all the village-youths and maids mourned his loss, and laid his cold remains decently in the earth.

'There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are show'rs of vi'lets found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.'

Each morn and eve was Zelma found near her Eugenio's grave, nor could any one force her from it. Her good mother often tried to alleviate her sorrows.—'Why, Zelma, weep your days in gloomy sorrow? ah! will not recall him from his grave.' Alas! his memory was too deeply engraven on her mind for this to erase it. It was impossible; she knew that, whilst the vital blaze of life animated her frame, it must there remain, and that death, and death alone, could obliterate it. Her sorrows brought on a violent delirium, which shortly dismissed her afflicted spirit to follow that of

Eugenio. By her own desire, the hapless maiden was deposited in the same grave with her lover.

'Still, when the hours of solemn rites return,
The village train in sad procession mourn;
Pluck ev'ry weed which might the spot disgrace,
And plant the fairest field-flow'rs in their place.
Around no noxious plant or flow'ret grows;
But the first daffodil, and earliest rose!
The snow-drop spreads its whitest bosom here,
And golden cowslips grace the vernal year!
Here the pale primrose takes a fairer hue,
And ev'ry violet boasts a brighter blue!
Here builds the wood-lark; here the faithful dove
Laments its lost, or wooes its living, love!
Secur'd from harm is ev'ry hallow'd nest;
The spot is sacred where true lovers rest.'

## ON FLOWERS.

MOST of the flowers introduced into our gardens, and now cultivated either on account of their beauty or their fragrance, have been improved from plants which grow wild, and which ignorance denominates weeds. The greater part of them came, however, from distant countries, where they grow in as great perfection as in our's without the assistance of man. Though we often find mention of flowers in the works of the Greeks and the Romans, it appears that they were contented with those only which grew in their neighbourhood. The modern taste for flowers came from Persia to Constantinople, and was imported thence to Europe, for the first time, in the sixteenth century. Clusius, and his friends, in particular, contributed very much to excite this taste; and the new plants, brought from both the Indies, tended to increase it. That period, also, produced some skilful gardeners, who carried on a considerable trade in the roots and seeds of flowers. As this taste for flowers prevails more at the present than it has, perhaps, at any former period, a hint respecting some of the objects of it may not prove disagreeable.

The Tube-rose was brought to Europe before 1594 by Simon de Tover, a Spanish physician. The Genoese now send the roots to England, Holland, and Germany.

The Auricula, *Primula Auricula*, grows wild among the long moss covered with snow, on the confines of Switzerland. We do not know who first transplanted it from its native soil. Pluche says only that some roots were plucked by Walloon merchants, and carried to Brussels.

The *Fritillaria Meleagris* was first observed in some parts of France, Hungary, Italy, and other warm countries. Noel Cappernon, of Orleans, gave it the name of *Fritillaria,* because the red or reddish-brown spots of the flower form regular squares, like that of a chess-board. It was called *Meleagris* by Dodoneus, because the feathers of that fowl are variegated almost in the same manner.

The roots of the magnificent *Crown Imperial, Fritillaria Imperialis,* were brought from Persia to Constantinople, carried thence to Vienna, and so dispersed over Europe. African and French marygolds, *Tegetes erecta,* and *patula,* were, according to Dodoneus, brought from Africa to Europe, at the time when the emperor Charles V. carried his arms against Tunis. These plants grow indigenous in South America, and were known to botanists before that period by the name of *Caryophyllus Indicus,* from which is derived the French appellation, *Œillet d'Inde, Indian Pink.* Cordus calls them, from their native country, *Tanacetum Peruvianum.*

Of the numerous genus of *Ranunculus* florists have obtained a *thousand* different kinds: their varieties are infinite, and increase every summer. The most valuable of them, however, are brought from the Levant

This flower was in the highest repute during the reign of Mahomet IV. His grand vizer Cara Mustapha, well known for his hatred against the Christians, and the siege of Vienna, in 1683, wishing to turn the sultan's thoughts to some milder amusement than that of the chase, for which he had a strong passion, diverted his attention to flowers; and as he remarked that the emperor preferred the *ranunculus* to all others, he wrote to the different pashas throughout the whole empire to send him roots of the most beautiful kinds. The pashas of Candia, Cyprus, Aleppo, and Rhodes, paid most regard to this request, and the elegant flowers which they transmitted to court were shut up in the seraglio, as offerings to the voluptuousness of the sultan; till some of them, by means of money, were at length freed from their imprisonment. The ambassadors from the European courts made it their business to procure roots of as many different kinds as they could, which they sent to their respective sovereigns.

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## On the POTATOE, and the Time when that useful Plant was first introduced into the British Islands.

*(From a Communication by Sir Joseph Banks, published in the Transactions of the Horticultural Society.)*

SIR Joseph Banks states that the account of the circumstances relative to the time of the introduction of the potatoe plant, which he relates, was chiefly extracted from notes collected on the subject by his learned friend, Mr. Dryander.

The potatoe now in use (the *solanum tuberosum*), was brought into England by the colonists sent out by sir Walter Raleigh, under queen Elizabeth's patent. Mr. Thomas Heriot, a mathematician, was on board the first fleet which returned to England on the twenty-seventh of July 1586, when the potatoe was probably first brought over; for Mr. Heriot, in an account which he published of the nature and properties of the soil of the country examined, which is printed in De Bry's Collection of Voyages, vol. I. under the article roots, describes the potatoe by the name openawk (by which they were called in Virginia), as 'round roots, some as large as walnuts, and others much larger, which grew in damp soil, many hanging together as if fixed ropes; which are good food either boiled or roasted.'

Gerard, in his Herbal, published 1597, gives a figure of the potatoe, under the name of potatoe of Virginia.

In the manuscript minutes of the Royal Society, December thirteenth, 1693, sir Robert Southwell, then president, informed the fellows, that his grandfather brought potatoes into Ireland, who first had them from sir Walter Raleigh. From which it appears, that this root, shortly after its arrival in England, must have been sent to Ireland by sir Robert Southwell's ancestor, where it was cultivated as food long before its value was known in England; for Gerard, in 1597, recommends the roots as a delicate dish, not as a common food.

The potatoe, however, came into Europe at an earlier period by another channel. Clusius, who resided at Vienna at that time, received this root, in 1598, from the governor of Mons, in Hainault, who had it the year before from one of the attendants of the pope's legate, under the name of *Taratoufli*, and learned from him that in Italy, where it was then in use, no one certainly knew whether it came from Spain or from America.

Peter Ceica, in his chronicle, printed in 1553, mentions, in the tenth chapter, that the inhabitants of Quito used for food, besides mays, a tuberous root which they called *papas*, and this Clusius supposes to be the plant he received from Flanders; which conjecture is confirmed by the accounts of other travellers. From these details it appears probable, that potatoes were first brought into Europe from the mountainous parts of Quito; and as the Spaniards were sole possessors of that country, there can be little doubt that they were first brought to Spain; but as it would take some time to bring them into use in that country, and afterwards to make the Italians so well acquainted with them as to give them a name, there is every reason to believe they had been several years in Europe before they had been sent to Clusius.

In South America the root is called *papas*, and in Virginia *openawk*. The name of potatoe was therefore evidently applied to it here from its similarity to the *battata*, or white potatoe; and was distinguished by the appellative of Virginia potatoe till the year 1640, if not longer.

Some authors have asserted that sir Francis Drake first discovered potatoes in the South Seas, and others that they were introduced into England by sir John Hawkins; but in both instances the plant alluded to is evidently the sweet potatoe, which was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of our potatoes. The sweet potatoe was imported in considerable quantities from Spain and the Canaries, and was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigour. The kissing comfits which Shakspeare mentions in the Merry Wives of Windsor, and other confections of similar imaginary qualities, with which our ancestors were duped, were principally made of those and eringo roots.

The sweet potatoes themselves were sold by itinerant dealers, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, to those who had faith in their alleged properties. The allusions to this opinion are very frequent in the plays of that age, of which there is a remarkable instance in Shakspeare's Troilus and Cressida. To this we shall add, that as there was an early and frequent intercourse between Spain and Galway in Ireland, there is some reason to conjecture that the potatoe had been introduced into Ireland directly from Spain, at a very early period.

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## THE FASHIONABLE AUNT.

'She blooms in the winter of her days,
Like the Glastonbury thorn!'

I HAVE before given an account of my *dearly beloved* aunt as an *economist*, and the *good-natured* creature took the *rub* very *kindly*: I therefore venture again to display her, as a person of *taste* and *fashion*.

This *rara avis* is now at the *tender* age of fifty-five, and has such an inordinate desire of appearing *fashionable*; yet in every other affair she is *very mean*, except in the decoration of her *miserable, decayed*, own *dear self*: in her dress she is particularly *nouvelle*; she always sports the newest fashions; she displays the *Trafalgar* hat, the petticoat *la garniture a la Chine*, and short enough to shew her *beautiful little tiny* foot and *genteel* ancle: the bearskin graces her *rather round* shoulders; while her *withered* hands are concealed by a *fashionable* pair of kid gloves. I had almost forgot the *velvet pelisse*, which truly hides a

*multitude* of faults. To view her either in the *rear, right*, or *left*, to be sure, she is passable; but in front she is really rather a piece of polished *antiquity*. Now some of her sex are so exquisitely skilful, that, give them but a good pair of eyes, and they will *make bosom, lips, cheeks*, and *eye-brows*, by their own industry: she sports nothing of this sort, though I think it would well become her; and as I have a profound regard for the *old lady*, I really think of giving her a gentle hint: I will send her some *brushes, washes, soaps, lotions, rose* and other *waters, perfumes, pomatums, rouge*, and every other *unguent* I can think of to beautify her *tender* features: as she has *nothing agreeable* in her *conduct*, an *addition* to her *appearance* may not be amiss. Oh! were it possible to fill up the *cavities* of her *wrinkled cheeks*, her *fashionable aquiline* nose would add beauty beyond expression to her *dark rolling, bewitching* eyes; whilst her *mouse-coloured* ringlets would at intervals conceal the brightness, as passing clouds obscure the brightness of the sun. Oh! could I but see my *dear*, my *beautiful* aunt, in this celestial habit, she would appear a modern *Alcestia*. But, alas! then what would she be but a *model*; in APPEARANCE *every thing*, in REALITY *nothing*! But yet, in this garb, could I but see her viewing herself, I am satisfied her glass would remind her of the following lines:

'Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love.'

As the *good creature* has many qualities (I don't say good), if this delineation should not offend her, it is likely I may, at a future period, give another description. I trust the fair reader may not deem me too *severe* on part of the sex, having too much regard

'To rob fair-ones of rest,
Or give pain to each breast
While their charms and their beauties decay.'

S. Y.

*Pillowcase Hall*, 1807.

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ANECDOTE of BARON, the French dramatic Writer and Actor.

A FEW days before Baron's comedy of 'The Brothers' was intended for representation, M. de Roquelaure said to the author — 'Baron, when will you shew me your new piece? You know I have heard of it. I have invited three ladies who are lovers of literature to dine with me; come and join us. Bring the *Brothers* with you, and gratify us by reading it. I am curious to compare it with the *Adelphi* of *Terence*.' Baron accepted the invitation, and went the following day to M. de Roquelaure's hotel, where he found two countesses and a marchioness, who expressed a polite impatience to hear him read his comedy. Notwithstanding this, they sat a longer time than is usual; and when they got up from dinner, the ladies called for cards.—'How! cards!' cried M. de Roquelaure, with surprise; 'you forget that Baron has come on purpose to read his new comedy.'—'No, no, monsieur,' replied one of the countesses, 'we do not forget it. Whilst we play, Baron may read his piece, and thus we *shall kill two birds with one stone*.' At these words, the author jumped up and hastened to the door; then, turning to the company, he said — 'My piece was not written to be read to gamblers!'—M. Poinsinet has dramatised this incident in his comedy of *The Circle*.

# HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL,

*In a Series of Letters.*

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 245.)

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## LETTER XXII.

*Miss Maria Vernon to Miss West.*

My dear Madam,

THE last week has made a considerable alteration in my affairs. I dread to lay before you my conduct, lest I should incur blame from a quarter I am most solicitous to obtain approbation from.

[Miss Vernon then relates what passed between Mrs. Ambrose and herself to the same effect, written by that lady to her brother, and then proceeds:]

Thus called upon, what could I do, my dear madam, but lay before this worthy lady the state of my heart without reserve? She used many arguments to induce me to conquer this unfortunate attachment, as she thinks it; but, alas! I had argued them before without success.

Were I not sensible I could not, in my present state of mind, make the colonel happy as a wife, I would have resolved to make the sacrifice of my affections, and to have regarded my own happiness as a secondary consideration. Whilst Mr. Wentworth remains unmarried, I cannot avoid indulging a hope I may one day be his; for although he never in direct terms offered himself to my acceptance, I have, from many circumstances, reason to think he was only withheld from his inability to provide for me as a wife.

I was not convinced that such were his sentiments until a few days previous to his quitting England, and after I had engaged myself to the colonel. It was then my resolution to forget him failed me: had I been indifferent to him, my reason and prudence would have conquered my own inclination.

After disclosing my mind to Mrs. Ambrose, and she had written to her brother, think, Madam, what uneasiness I must feel with respect to what his sentiments might be of my conduct. I dreaded above all things he should think me capricious, or ungrateful. In proportion to the uneasiness was the joy I experienced in the perusal of the inclosed letter written to myself, and another to his sister, both which could only be dictated by the most generous of men. I likewise inclose the copy of my answer, which I hope you will approve. As I was fully resolved to disclose the whole affair to my brother, let what would be the consequence, I entreated Mrs. Ambrose to suffer me to return home for that purpose. I would have wished to have left Harriet behind; but her sisterly affection would not permit her to leave me, and we returned together. We were surprised, on entering the parlour, to find our brother traversing the room, in a seeming passion, with a letter in his hand.

'So!' exclaimed he, 'here's a fine week's work turned out! I have just received this letter from colonel Ambrose: the contents you know, it seems; and three pretty fools he has made of us!'

'Oh! brother,' said I, 'blame not the generous colonel: it is all my own fault.'

'Yes,' replied he, 'it is your own fault, indeed. Had you taken

my advice, and married him while he was in the mind, it would now have been too late to alter it. I knew it would come to this.'

I then proceeded to tell him, as well as I was able, the whole truth, not omitting my attachment to Mr. Wentworth; but when I had finished, and expected nothing less than a dismission from his favour, he answered me in the following manner:—'Was you born a fool, Maria; or do you think I was?'

'Neither, brother,' said I, trembling.

'Well, then, unless you was born an absolute idiot, it is impossible you could have acted as you pretend; and unless I had been born the same, it is impossible you can make me believe it, when I have besides in my possession such a letter as this from the colonel. 'Here, read it,' said he. 'Does he not say, in direct terms, he has altered his mind as to making you his wife? If your story was true, would not any man have complained to me of such ill-treatment on your side; or, even suppose he was disposed to have made you appear not so blameable as in such a case you would have been, think you he would have taken *all* the blame on himself? No, no; I know the world better: you must not think to impose on me.'

'To what purpose, brother, should I impose on you?'

'Nay, that I cannot answer; but I suppose, as he says you declare yourself satisfied in the matter, you have between you agreed to trump up this story to amuse me: but I am not to be made a dupe of; the law shall direct who is the dupe.'

Frightened to death with this threat, I was about to fall on my knees and entreat him to alter his purpose; but Harriet whispered me it was impossible the law could lay hold on the colonel, as there was no witness to a promise of marriage.

It would be tedious to relate all that passed. I found it impossible to persuade him of the truth of what I had told him; more especially, as Harriet, to whom I referred, maintained an obstinate silence. Never was I angry with the dear girl before. She insists on it she was right, for she argues it was necessary to my interest that my brother should persist in his error. 'Had he believed you,' said she, 'the consequence would have been that you must have been thrown on the world, or the colonel, for a support.'—I see the truth of her remark, but I was anxious to vindicate the honour of my generous friend: unworthy should I be of that generosity were I capable of bestowing a thought on my own interest.—How totally devoid of delicacy must my brother be to believe it impossible that a young woman could act as I have done; and what an idea must he have of the world to suppose there is not such a character in it as the generous colonel Ambrose!

'I shall,' said my brother, 'answer this letter immediately, in a manner the gentleman, perhaps, may not like; and this evening I will bring home from the club my friend lawyer Dixon, who will give me his opinion in this matter gratis. In the mean time, I recommend to you, if you value my favour, to speak the truth, to acknowledge you are made a fool of. You are not the first woman that has been served the same, though they may, like you, be too proud to own it. I am sorry for you, and should be more so if you were open and above board, and had not attempted to impose such an improbable tale upon me, who know the world as well as any man upon 'Change.'

So saying, he walked out of the room. What answer could I have made to such a speech? Had he staid, I could only have answered by my tears. I inclose you a copy of the colonel's letter to my brother: you will see how desirous he is to acquit me in his eyes.—Harriet says, I must not persist any further in my intention of undeceiving our brother; and indeed, such is his obstinacy in any opinion he adopts, that I believe it would be a vain attempt. No consideration, however, can induce me to accuse the colonel.

I dread this lawyer's visit. Harriet says she has no doubt but it will be managed very well: she will inform you of all the particulars.

I now lay down my pen, with the request of a line from you as soon as convenient.—Your letters I consider as an invaluable treasure; but at this time they will be particularly acceptable to your ever obliged and grateful

MARIA VERNON.

## LETTER XXIII.

*Miss Harriet Vernon to Miss West.*

Dear Susan,

I FIND Maria has promised your good mother that I should inform you of all the particulars respecting this terrible law-suit about to commence against the poor colonel. I will endeavour to fulfil her promise, though it really was a scene which requires an abler pen than mine to do it justice. I believe I must give it you by way of dialogue.

About eight o'clock last night entered brother, introducing a tall thin man dressed in black, with his own black hair tied behind, a terrible black beard, and, in short, all over black excepting a white cravat. Maria startled at his entrance, and, attempting to courtsey, was forced to lay hold on the back of the chair. Jerry looked scared, and instantly left the room; while I just nodded my head to the strange figure, and took my seat close to Maria, a little behind her, as I agreed, that I might jog her elbow when she behaved amiss; and a sad piece of work had I to keep her in order. My brother and his learned friend placed themselves in two arm-chairs opposite us. And now, after a few observations on the weather, we thus began:—

*Lawyer*—'Which of the young women before me is the person who is deceived by colonel Ambrose, by promise of marriage?'

*Brother.*—'The tallest of the two.'

*Harriet.*—'Must we stand up, sir?'

*Lawyer.*—'No, I can perceive the difference. If the aforesaid colonel Ambrose has made you a promise of marriage before a witness, or has certified under his hand, either by letter or note, sealed or unsealed, such to be his intention; and whereas, he has now declared by his letter that he has altered his mind, without assigning any cause or impediment to warrant the said alteration; it is my opinion an action will lie against him, and that damages may be obtained to a large amount.'

*Brother (rubbing his hands).*—'I thought so, I thought so; I told you so. Let me shake you by the hand, neighbour Dixon. You understand the law as well as any man in England.—How much do you think these damages will amount to?'

*Lawyer.*—'Perhaps, two thousand pounds; it will depend on the gentleman's fortune. I have, during my extensive practice, been witness to several suits of this kind, and understand the matter perfectly well.'

*Harriet.*—'But suppose, sir, we cannot produce the witness, or the letter you allude to?'

*Brother.*—'Suppose yourself a fool. What business have you to start difficulties!'

*Lawyer.*—'Can you swear, young woman, that colonel Ambrose ever promised you marriage?'

*Maria.*—'Yes, sir, I can.'

*Lawyer.*—'Can you recollect the exact terms he made use of on the occasion?'

*Maria.*—'I cannot say I do.'

*Brother.*—'Did he say, Will you marry me, in plain terms?'

*Maria.*—'Those were not his words; but it certainly was his meaning.'

*Lawyer.*—'And you can swear you understood that to be his intention?'

*Maria.*—'Undoubtedly I did.'

*Lawyer.*—'Can you produce a witness, or promise under his hand?'

*Maria.*—'No, I cannot.'

*Lawyer.*—'A sad business this! I fear nothing can be done.'

*Brother.*—'I fear no such a thing. This letter from the colonel proves all that is necessary: read it, Mr. Dixon.'

The lawyer took it, and thus read it, with his remarks, to the court:

'Sir, you will be surprised at the contents of this letter, which is to inform you that I have altered my mind with regard to marrying your sister. [Now this implies it was his intention to have married one of your sisters, but it does not specify which, or prove a promise of marriage to either of the said young women.] It is my intention to follow your example, and continue a bachelor. Now, I hope you will not take amiss this alteration in my sentiments, and I flatter myself we shall not be worse friends than before.—[This paragraph is nothing to the purpose.]—I have written to the young lady, and she declares herself perfectly satisfied in the matter.'—[He does not specify what matter he wrote to the young lady about: we are to conjecture that it was to decline the marriage; but as he does not in direct terms say so, this paragraph likewise is of no importance.] As that is the case, and she is the principal person concerned, I see not why the affair should be talked of. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you and your sisters as old friends when I come to town; in the mean time, I am, sir.'——'Why, really, Mr. Vernon, this is, as I observed before, a bad business, and I fear nothing can be done in it. This letter proves, indeed, an intention to marry one of your sisters, but it by no means proves a promise. Really, sir, I fear nothing can be done; that is, I mean nothing can be said with any certainty. If you will incur the expence of a law-suit, I will undertake to retain able counsel, and it may be brought to a favourable issue. I have no objection to undertake the cause.'

*Brother.*—'You undertake the cause! You understand not so much of the law as myself. I see, by your manner of reading the colonel's letter, you do not. I tell you, Sir, *that* letter is proof sufficient, if you do not purposely explain away its meaning.'

*Lawyer.*—'Sir, my practice has been very extensive, and —'

*Brother.*—'Don't tell me of your extensive practice; the more shame for you, then.'

*Lawyer.*—'Sir, I shall not stay in your house to be insulted. I have given my opinion, for which I expect the accustomed fee.'

*Brother.*—'Expect, then; and expectation be your fee. Think you I shall pay you for reading a letter? I could have read it ten times better myself.'

*Lawyer.*—'Sir, I cannot stay to argue this point at present: I have business of great importance with some clients, who are now waiting for me at the City coffee-house.'

*Brother.*—'Your servant, sir: I have business too, so we are on a par on that point.'

So saying, our wise brother took himself out at one door, while the sagacious lawyer went out at the other, without deigning to look at Maria or me, who were not a little rejoiced at their departure, and the breaking up of the court.

My brother did not return home till late, and had, he informed us, been to Doctor's-commons; but finding that no counsel could be procured under a guinea, he had wisely determined to drop the matter. We said little; and after listening attentively for an hour to invectives against the expences of law-suits, and the impositions of the professors of the law, we went quietly to bed.

Maria is much easier and happier, she declares, than she has been for some months. I have brought her to acquiesce in my advice to let the matter rest, and not endeavour to undeceive our brother in the strange opinion he has adopted. Were it possible to undeceive him, I am certain the consequence would be dreadful to Maria. I am sure, dear Susan, you will join me in loving and admiring our friend the colonel; and regretting that it was not in Maria's power to bestow on him that heart he was so desirous to possess, and which he so highly deserves. The probability of her ever being united to Wentworth, I think, is but little: it must be many years before he can acquire sufficient to enable him to return to his native country; to say nothing of his not being equally attached to her. I am really distressed when I reflect on her situation. But I will not dwell on this subject; I will not accustom myself to look only on the dark side of the picture. In the present case, I will hope every thing from time; I will hope that Mr. Wentworth will return in a few years from India, possessed of wealth and a heart all Maria's; that nothing will prevent their union, and that the generous colonel will be happy in the possession of some other deserving woman, who, in his estimation, will compensate the loss he now laments. What a pleasing picture have I drawn, and what a happy person will your Harriet be if these her wishes should be realised! I cannot conclude this letter better than by transcribing the following lines to Hope, from an admired poem by miss Bowdler.

'Friend to the wretch whose bosom knows
no joy!
Parent of bliss beyond the reach of fate!
Celestial hope! thou gift divine!
Sweet balm of grief! O still be mine.
When pains torment, and cares annoy,
Thou only can their force abate,
And gild the gloom which shades this mortal
state.

'Though oft thy joys are false and vain,
Though anxious doubts attend thy train,
Though disappointment mock thy care,
And point the way to fell despair;
Yet still my secret soul shall own thy power
In sorrow's bitterest pang, in pleasure's gayest hour.'

I was just going to seal my letter, when a knock at the door announced the arrival of a visitor. Dorcas hobbled up stairs to me to inform me Mr. Colonel was come, and that miss Maria was in such a taking, she never saw the like.

'Where is she?' said I.

'O dear, lack-a-day! she did but just spy him through the window, and down she ran into the kitchen, declaring she could not stay in the parlour. She told me to run up to you, though goodness knows I

can't run: however, I come as fast as possible. Good lack! what is the matter?'

'I cannot stay now to explain, good Dorcas.'

So saying, I hastened down to the colonel. I expressed my surprise at seeing him so unexpectedly.

'I certainly should not have waited on you so soon,' said he, 'but wishing to see your brother, I ventured on what I deem an impropriety.'

'You cannot be guilty of an impropriety,' said I; 'nor can we, dear sir, be otherwise than glad to see you at all times.'

'My visit is now meant to your brother. I have received an angry letter from him, and I am come purposely to town to remove that anger.'

'Indeed, sir, I do not think it worth your while to argue a point with my brother: I am certain his anger will in time subside, for although he is unpersuadable, he is not unforgiving.'—I then related all that had passed between Maria and him, omitting only the lawyer scene. He was much affected with Maria's behaviour.

'Give me no more instances,' said he, 'of the amiable conduct of your sister; I must no longer open my eyes to her perfections.' He expressed himself much pleased with her letter, and said her resolution to acquaint her brother with the whole truth had determined him to come to town to counteract her intentions. He then enquired tenderly after her health. I informed him of her agitation, and expressed a wish that he would dispense with seeing her. He said he by no means wished an interview at that time.—'My business is now,' said he, 'solely with your brother. I have no doubt of leaving him quite satisfied with my conduct: at the same time, I own I respect him for at present condemning it.'

I expressed a wish to know what means he would use to accomplish this desirable end; but he would not satisfy my curiosity. He said, if it met our concurrence, he wished us to accept the invitation into Wiltshire; adding, with a sigh, that he thought it best.

My brother just then knocking at the door, he tenderly saluted me, saying—'Commend me to your sister, and leave me for the present. I shall quit the house as soon as I have finished my business with your brother.'—I courtesied, and withdrew, unseen by brother; I may add, on the rack of curiosity.

I found Maria had ventured up stairs into her own room, where she sat trembling like an aspen leaf. She was highly pleased to hear of her reprieve. 'Congratulate yourself,' said I, 'our brother is not a young flashy fellow fighting a duel below. A pretty piece of work you would have made of it in that case!'

Dorcas now entered with a second glass of hartshorn and water.—'I am better now,' said Maria, faintly. 'Thank God,' quoth the good woman; 'I was frighted out of my wits to see you so flustered. I hope as how I may be told the reason.'

Now you must know this worthy creature has one failing, I had almost said but one, which is such a propensity to talking and communicating, that Dorcas and a secret are incompatible. This being the case, it was impossible to tell her the particulars of the present affair; and yet we feared to hurt the good woman by doubting her secrecy.

'Good Dorcas,' said Maria, 'you know I love you, and being assured of that, I hope you will not take it amiss if I do not at present inform

you of the cause of the uneasiness you have seen me in. I am not to be married to colonel Ambrose.'

Had a loud clap of thunder broke on poor Dorcas it would hardly have taken more effect. She hopped to the opposite corner of the room in an instant, exclaiming, Then there is no faith in man!—'Hold,' said Maria, 'the colonel is all honour and generosity. Take this, good Dorcas, from me upon trust, and ask no questions.'

We then left her to ponder on the affair, and very low spirited the good soul has been ever since; but she strictly obeys her young mistress, and asks no questions.

Brother and the colonel went out together, and when the former returned to dinner he was in a good humour, and after dinner ordered some wine (a thing very unusual with him), and toasted the colonel. Maria could not contain her joy, but exclaimed—'What pleasure has this day afforded me! you will now, my dear brother, no longer doubt my veracity.'

'Veracity!' he replied, with great sternness, 'I cannot be imposed on: the colonel and I understand each other very well, but your idle tales I desire I may never hear repeated.'

Fearing what might follow, I changed the conversation, and informed him of the invitation given us by our cousin Wilson. He ordered us to accept it, and we retired to write an answer to that purpose. We are at a loss to know by what means the colonel has pacified our brother. It is very clear he has not told him the real cause; but as long as he is pacified, it is immaterial to us by what means.

As we shall be at D—— in a few days, I shall not write again until then. I am much pleased with the thoughts of this visit, and hope to have it in my power to make my letters entertaining to my partial friends.—Adieu, my dear, for the present.

Yours affectionately,
H. VERNON.

*(To be continued.)*

## ON THE SCOTCH MUSIC.

THE character of the Scotch music is universally acknowledged to be very marked and peculiar. Several of the Scotch songs take their names from the rivulets, villages, and hills, adjoining to the Tweed, near Melrose*, a region distinguished by many charming varieties of rural scenery, and which, whether we consider the face of the country or the genius of the people, may properly enough be called the Arcadia of Scotland. And all these songs are sweetly and powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and other emotions suited to the tranquillity of a pastoral life.

It is a common opinion that these songs were composed by David Rizzio, a musician from Italy; the unfortunate favourite of a very unfortunate queen. But this must be a mistake: the style of the Scotch music was fixed before his time; for many of the best of these tunes are ascribed to a more remote period; and, besides, it is not to be supposed that he, a foreigner, and in the latter part of his life a man of business, could have acquired or invented a style of musical composition so different, in every respect, from that to which he had been accustomed in his own country. *Melody* is so

* Cowdenknows, Galashiels, Galawater, Etteric Banks, Braes of Garrow, Bush above Traquair, &c.

much the characteristic of the Scotch tunes, that it is to be doubted whether even bases were set to them before the present century; whereas in the days of Rizzio, *harmony* was the fashionable study of the Italian composers. Palestina himself, who flourished about two hundred and fifty years ago, and who has obtained the high title of father of harmony, is by Avison ranked with those who neglected air, and were too closely attached to counterpoint; and at the time when Rizzio was a student in the art, Palestina's must have been the favourite music in Italy. Besides, though the style of the old Scotch melody has been well imitated by Mr. Oswald, and some other natives, we do not find that any foreigner has ever caught the true spirit of it. Geminiani, a great and original genius in this art, and a professed admirer of the Scotch songs, some of which he published with accompaniments, used to say that he had blotted many a quire of paper to no purpose, in attempting to set a second strain to that fine little air which in Scotland is known by the name of the *Broom of Cowdenknows.* To all which we may add that Tassoni*, the author of *Le Secchia Rapito,* speaks of this music as well esteemed by the Italians of his time, and ascribes the invention of it to James, king of Scotland; which a foreigner might naturally do, as all the Scotch kings of that name, particularly the first, third, fourth and fifth, were skilled both in music and poetry.

But though Tassoni's testimony be admitted as a proof that the Scotch music is more ancient than Rizzio, we cannot think him right in what he says of its inventor; nor do we acquiesce in the opinion of those who give the honour of this invention to the monks of Melrose. It seems more probable that it took its rise among men who were real shepherds, and who actually felt the sentiments and affections of which it is so very expressive. Rizzio may have been one of the first, perhaps, who made a collection of these songs, or he may have played them with more delicate touches than the Scotch musicians of that time; or perhaps corrected the extravagance of certain passages, for one is struck with the regularity of some as well as amused with the wildness of others; and in all, or any of these cases, it might be said with truth that the Scotch music is under obligations to him. But that this style of pastoral melody, so unlike the Italian, and in every respect so peculiar, should have been established or invented by him is incredible; nay, if it were worth while to assert any thing so positively on such a subject, we might even say impossible.

* Tassoni was born in 1565.

## SINGULAR INSANITY.

THE following anecdote is related on the authority of very respectable testimony, Madame De Haster, a German lady (an authoress), who resides at Paris:—

'The enthusiasm of a girl from Provence has lately occupied my mind. It was a singular occurrence which I shall never forget. I was present at the national museum when this girl entered the Salle D'Apollon: she was tall and elegantly formed, and in all the bloom of health. I was struck with her air, and my eyes involuntarily followed her steps. I saw her start as she cast her eyes on the statue of Apollo, and she stood before it as if struck by lightning.—Gradually her eyes sparkled with sen-

sibility.—She had before looked calmly around the hall. Her whole frame seemed to be electrified, as if a transformation had taken place within her: and it has since appeared, that indeed a transformation had taken place, and that her youthful breast had imbibed a powerful, alas! fatal passion. I remarked, that her companion (an elder sister, it seems), could not force her to leave the statue but with much entreaty; and she left the hall with tears in her eyes, and all the expression of tender sorrows. I set out the very same evening for Montmorency.

'I returned to Paris at the end of August, and visited immediately the magnificent collection of antiques. I recollected the girl from Provence, and thought I might perhaps meet with her again; but I never saw her afterwards, though I went frequently. At length I met with one of the attendants, who, I recollected, had observed her with the same attentive curiosity which I had felt; and I enquired after her. "Poor girl," said the old man, "that was a sad visit for her." She came afterwards almost every day to look at the statue, and she would sit still, with her hands folded in her lap, staring at the image; and when her friends forced her away, it was always with tears that she left the hall. In the middle of May, she brought, whenever she came, a basket of flowers, and placed it on the Mosaic steps. One morning early she had contrived to get into the room before the usual hour of opening it, and we found her within the grate sitting on the steps, almost fainting, exhausted with weeping. The whole hall was scented with the perfume of flowers, and she had elegantly thrown over the statue a large veil of Indian muslin, with a golden fringe. We pitied the deplorable condition of the lovely girl, and let no one into the hall until her friends came and carried her home. She struggled, and resisted exceedingly when forced away, and declared, in her phrenzy, that the god had that night chosen her to be his priestess, and that she must serve him. We have never seen her since, and we hear that an opiate was given her, and that she was taken into the country."'

'I made further enquiries concerning her history, and learnt afterwards that she died raving.'

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## Extract from 'The Spaniard; or, The Pride of Birth.'

(*A Tale, by M. Rymer.**)

IN the mean time, the unfortunate Pedrosa counted his wretched moments in anguish indescribable: about ten o'clock on the evening of the third day, as he lay prostrate on the ground, bathed in tears, which had scarcely ceased to flow since the sentence passed upon him by Don Jerome, the door of his prison opened, and the hard-hearted jailor made his appearance: this was an unusual hour for such a visit, but Pedrosa was too much absorbed in grief to express any admiration of the event. The smile of this man was scarcely less hideous than his frown, and Pedrosa as he looked up, even in the excess of his affliction, could not help being shocked at the doubtful expression of his countenance: without saying one word to his unfortunate prisoner, he took out of his pocket several tools, which irresistably attracted the attention of the latter. 'Mighty God!' cried Pe-

* In our Magazine for January we inserted an extract from the beginning of this ingenious novel: we now give one from the conclusion.

drosa, 'what new species of torture am I doomed to suffer!' The jailor, without regarding his exclamation, rudely seized his legs, and began to strike out the rivets which fastened his fetters. During this operation, the wretched barber was sometimes forced to howl with pain; but he bore it with the more fortitude, as he imagined it done by order of Don Jerome, who, as he had condemned him to perpetual imprisonment, might see no reason for increasing his sufferings farther than to secure his person; and had therefore ordered him to be released from his fetters: the keeper also cut the cords which were girt round his body; he threw the hateful and unlucky garment to the farther end of the apartment, and lifting up the light which he had brought, with a stern voice commanded him to follow. 'Gracious God!' cried Pedrosa, 'to what place must I follow you?' The jailor turned round, and viewing him for a moment with a look of contemptuous cruelty, he knit his brows, and with a harsher voice, and more frowning countenance, pronounced again the word, 'Follow!' Pedrosa was too much intimidated to reply, and tremblingly began to move forwards.

After several windings through this gloomy mansion of misery, they came to a long narrow passage, cold and damp, and which seemed not to have been trodden for years. Pedrosa again ventured, in a hesitating manner, to enquire the object of his removal, but was answered by a frown, which completely silenced him: they proceeded onwards to a narrow staircase, which after having ascended led them to a small door, fastened by iron bolts. 'Draw these bolts,' said the jailor: Pedrosa tremblingly endeavoured to obey, but they were too rusty to give way to his strength. 'Blockhead!' cried his conductor, in a tone of angry reproach, and sprung forward impatiently to assist him: in his hurry he let fall the lamp; it rolled to the bottom of the staircase, and left them in profound darkness: the door was now opened, and Pedrosa stepped into an apartment: his guide took hold of him by the arm, and hurried him along. Pedrosa, trembling with anxiety and terror, could hardly breathe; fearful and uncertain of the fate to which he was hastening, he almost lost the use of his senses. They at last stopped at a small door: on a signal being made, it instantly opened; but what can equal Pedrosa's astonishment, when he beheld an apartment superbly illuminated, the magnificence of which dazzled his eyes, the aperture shut behind him, and he stood for a moment in speechless amazement.

The first object which fixed his attention was a handsome and well-dressed cavalier by the side of a lady of the most ravishing beauty; the former of whom instantly approached, and took him by the hand, with the most familiar and cordial expression of friendship: the lady also flew and placed herself at his side, and both together led the astonished barber to a table, on which was spread an elegant collation, composed of all the delicacies that luxury assisted by wealth could procure. 'Here Pedrosa,' said the cavalier, as he poured out the most delicious wine in a golden goblet, 'let us now drink to the continuance of our future friendship:' the lady also stretched out her hand to Pedrosa, who, though he could not comprehend the meaning of all this, bowed and kissed it most respectfully. His recent misfortunes made the soothing tones of friendship come with an additional charm to his heart, and he raised the goblet cheerfully to his lips: the lady and cavalier then placed him betwixt

them, and pressed him to eat. 'Pedrosa is ranked amongst the number of my friends,' said the cavalier, 'and therefore I expect that he will lay aside all restraint in my company: this lady will also join with me in my regard to you, we have both obligations to you; and must certainly repay them.' Pedrosa was struck with astonishment, but he doubted the reality of his good fortune, and was afraid to enquire. 'You shall no more return to your loathsome prison,' resumed the cavalier: 'nay, do not start, my good friend Pedrosa; nothing I hope is more certain; you have suffered a great deal—you have a great debt upon fortune which she is now going to pay—to be more explicit, you now see before you Don Juan de Salvedra and Donna Lucinda de Valerda, two people who by your means have become the happiest of mortals.' 'Heaven bless your honours,' said Pedrosa, 'and render you as happy as I wish you! but all this is a riddle to me, nor can I comprehend how your honours became acquainted with my story.' 'That is what I am going to explain to you,' returned Don Juan. 'You must know that the day before yesterday I was very much surprised in the morning at seeing the grand inquisitor, who is my spiritual director, enter my chamber; it being an unusual hour for him to make his appearance: but what was my joy when he informed me, that the lady for whom he knew I had conceived a passion, which he had done all in his power to persuade me to suppress, was discovered to be his near relation, and heiress of the noble house of Valerda. 'I have learned from her own lips,' added he, 'that your passion is mutual, and I give you my consent to make you mutually happy: her grand-father, with whom I believe you have already had an interview, is now no more: come to me in the afternoon, and I will accompany you to Donna Lucinda.' Overjoyed at what I heard, and without troubling myself to enquire the manner in which he had discovered the abode of my beloved, and the illustrious dignity of her birth, to which I was certain she herself had hitherto been a stranger, I fell on my knees, and with the most passionate expressions told him he had made me the happiest of men. He had scarcely taken his leave, when one of my servants entered, with a letter which he said he believed father Jerome to have dropped in the portico of my palace; looking upon the address, I perceived that it had been directed to me, and that it was actually the last letter I had rceeived from Donna Lucinda. This billet, I knew, I had left in the pocket of the Franciscan habit, which I had worn, as a disguise, that night in which I was attacked by four armed ruffians, who, I suppose, intended to assassinate me; and which I left in the street to facilitate my escape. My curiosity, however, was not sufficiently stimulated to probe to the bottom of this affair: a new and more powerful interest had taken possession of my heart; I was on the point of obtaining all my soul held dear in this world, the adorable Lucinda: and I flew to my uncle, the chief corregidor of Madrid, to relate to him my happiness, and sanction it by his consent. When I arrived at the palace of that respectable magistrate, I found him busily employed in the examination of an old woman and two ruffians, who had been apprehended in endeavouring to break open a house, which, from the description, I discovered to be that of Don Alphonso, grandfather of my Lucinda: it appeared that the old woman had been a domestic of this gentleman, and by what she related

concerning a person, who had come in the disguise of a Franciscan to attend the dying moments of her master, and who had been afterwards taken up by the officers of the Inquisition, I was no longer at a loss for the source of father Jerome's intelligence, nor for the manner in which he had come to the possession of Donna Lucinda's billet; and was convinced that whoever was the person whose unlucky stars had thus involved him in so much perplexity, he could have only procured my disguise by picking it up from the spot where I had dropped it. After obtaining the consent of my uncle to my happiness, I accompanied Don Jerome with rapture to the house which contained the treasure of my soul; in his presence we exchanged mutual vows of fidelity, and it was agreed upon that after the funeral obsequies of Don Alphonso should be solemnised, we should be united for ever at the altar of our holy religion; after which Donna Lucinda should be introduced at court in a manner suitable to her rank, and the virtues of the noble family she was descended from. In the mean time, the grand inquisitor offered my intended bride an apartment in his palace, with full permission for me to pass as great a part of my time in her company as I pleased. I still, however, could not fully enjoy my happiness, without being concerned for the fate of him to whose misfortune I, in some measure, owed it. I thought it but justice not to relax any endeavours of mine to rescue him from the fate which awaited him. I therefore, by the assistance of a bribe, tampered with the person whom I knew to be a jailor of the Inquisitorial prison, and soon learned your name and situation. I imparted my scheme to Donna Lucinda, who was no less zealous in it than myself, and we agreed that this night, when Don Jerome should have retired to a country seat of his, at some distance from the capital, we should do every thing in our power to effectuate your deliverance: your jailor informed us of this concealed passage, which had been originally constructed for some reason or other, as a communication betwixt the prisons and the palace of the grand inquisitor. This man, who we make no doubt has a powerful reason for wishing to withdraw himself from Spain, readily promised for a sum of money to deliver you into our hands; he has made good his agreement, and we believe will never more be heard of. Come, Pedrosa, we give you joy of your liberty, though it must be at the expence of, perhaps, never more beholding your native country: in a few hours you must set off, and I will engage that by the evening of to-morrow your wife and family will nearly overtake you: Holland or England must be the future place of your abode; and in order to place you above the necessity of seeking for your food by labour, in a strange land, here is a bond, payable at an eminent banker's in Amsterdam, which shall entitle you to eight hundred ducats annually.' 'And let me,' interrupted Donna Lucinda, 'have the pleasure of presenting you with this purse, to defray the expences of your journey.' Pedrosa accepted of both the presents with tears in his eyes; a variety of emotions oppressed his agitated bosom, and only the joyful thoughts of seeing his wife and children calmed the turbulence of his feelings. 'Come,' said Don Juan, as he poured out a goblet of wine, 'courage, my friend Pedrosa! every country is the same to a man, who, like you, is possessed of a good conscience.' Pedrosa expressed his acquiescence to this sentiment, and endeavoured all in his power to become cheerful: melan-

choly had never found a suitable habitation in the bosom of this simple and good-natured fellow: he felt himself now in the company of friends, who, though far exalted above him in rank, endeavoured to sooth and enliven him. Their efforts were not thrown away; he in a short time became gay and animated, and giving way to his usual loquacity, cheerfulness began to enliven all his features: he forgot all that he had suffered; the horrors of the Inquisition and the grand inquisitor vanished from his mind: he forgot all the restraint which the idea of the superior dignity of his companions had at first imposed upon him, and a thousand witticisms escaped from his fertile imagination. His ideas, which were entirely new to Donna Lucinda, afforded her inexpressible entertainment; and Don Juan felt himself for the time more amused by the untutored remarks of Pedrosa than he would have been in the midst of the most brilliant circle at court. The gay and animated barber drank to the health of his patrons, in several flowing bumpers; and, being willing to let slip no opportunity to improve the harmony of the hour, he seized a guitar, which lay on an adjoining table, and with no indifferent voice sung the following little ballad, which he had picked up in the streets of Madrid; the simple and uncultivated harmony of which not a little entertained Donna Lucinda.

Don Antonio lov'd a maiden,
Fair and blooming as the morn;
She his sighs and tears upbraiding,
Met his tender vows with scorn.

At her window still he'd languish;
Oft repeat his luckless strain:
Though she saw his bosom's anguish,
Still he sigh'd, and sigh'd in vain.

'Till one morn at matins early,
Some one said 'Antonio's wed
To another lov'd most dearly'——
Mark how quick her colour fled.

Pensive heav'd her snowy bosom,
Grief o'erspread her languid charms:
'Ah!' she cried, 'and must I lose him!'
Then sunk into——Antonio's arms.

'Forgive,' he cried, 'this fond deceiving;
Tortur'd love had taught me art:
Ever to this bosom cleaving,
Thou art dearest to my heart.'

Then what pleasure past expressing,
Raptur'd youth, was his to prove,
When he heard her sweet confessing,
'Yes—Antonio—you I love.'

Don Juan and Donna Lucinda felt themselves every moment more and more delighted with their guest, and obligingly renewed their professions of friendship to him. Donna Lucinda enquired particularly the number of his family, a thing in which Pedrosa was no less eager in satisfying her: he related with peculiar emphasis all the boyish pranks of his eldest son Stephano, who was about thirteen years of age; expatiated largely upon the many notable qualities of Lisetta his daughter, who was about a year and a half older, and whose character he summed up by observing, that she was every way like her mother: 'but above all,' added he, 'if your excellanzas saw my little Pedro, it is impossible to say how much you would be delighted with him; he is not yet four years old, and he can say almost all the Legend of St. Anthony by heart; he is a little bashful, and I can't get him to talk before strangers, but if your excellenzas were only to be hid in the dark corner of my little shop, you would doubtless be surprised at his judgment.' 'I make no doubt of it,' replied Don Juan, 'and it engages me more in your favour to see you take so much interest in your children: I believe I cannot do a more acceptable service to you than to forward them in the world; and if you choose in a short time to place your eldest son Stephano in the army, I can ensure him a more

rapid promotion than those who embrace the profession under less fortunate auspices.' 'And I,' said Donna Lucinda, 'take upon myself the care of the fortune of Lisetta; when she is about a year older send her to me: as for little Pedro, it is impossible to determine any thing certain concerning him, only take care to procure for him such an education as may qualify him at a future period to profit by our friendship.' The tears ran plentifully from Pedrosa's eyes, but they were the tears of joy and gratitude. Don Juan saw that he was too much moved, therefore began a merry subject of conversation; and again cheerfulness smiled upon the party. Pedrosa told a thousand little stories, some of which he had narrated already; but his noble auditors had the good nature again to be pleased, and again to laugh at them: he sung all his songs over to them, and it was with regret that Don Juan recollected that the hour was hastening on, in which it was necessary that Pedrosa should take his departure. 'I hope it will not,' said he, moving to the window, 'be regarded as a diminution of respect for my friend, if I warn him that the time has arrived in which alone he can withdraw with safety.' 'I am sorry for it,' said Donna Lucinda, 'I have been so much delighted in his company.' Pedrosa arose, and, with a melancholy countenance, again expressed his acknowledgments. 'Write to us often,' resumed Donna Lucinda, 'and remember that at least in two years after this date I expect the arrival of your daughter.' The poor barber was too much oppressed to return any other answer than by his looks. 'Take courage, Pedrosa,' said Don Juan, as he took him familiarly by the hand; 'perhaps circumstances may yet admit of your return to Spain: let the consideration of again seeing your wife and children animate your mind: I again repeat to you that, upon my honour, in a day or two at farthest, they shall overtake you: in the mean time travel on foot to Toledo, there they may join you; after which you may proceed in what manner you please to Lisbon, where you must embark for Amsterdam: thus I have prescribed your route in the most prudent manner I could think of. Farewell, my friend, and may the happy hilarity of your temper never forsake you!' 'God bless your excellenzas!' replied Pedrosa, as he pressed both their hands to his lips, 'God bless you.'—The words had scarcely been uttered when the door burst open, and the party were struck motionless by the appearance of father Jerome, the grand inquisitor: he for his part stood at the door in an attitude as if doubting the reality of his senses. Pedrosa employed the first moment of recollection in jumping behind Don Juan to shelter himself from the eyes of the angry and terrifying inquisitor: his protector was the first who broke silence, 'You are no doubt surprised, father Jerome,' said he, 'to discover Pedrosa in this chamber.' 'Surprised indeed,' muttered the inquisitor, while his heart seemed bursting with the anxiety of his emotions. 'Against him,' returned Don Juan, 'your anger would be most unjustly levelled. *I* bribed his jailor; unknown to himself *I* concerted the means of his escape; and had not you interrupted us, he would at this moment have departed to leave Madrid for ever. My exertions in his favour justice bound me to make, for it was to the misfortune of this poor honest man that I owed my own felicity.' Don Jerome advanced to the middle of the apartment; he seemed in great agitation, while a deadly paleness

overspread his countenance. 'The crime which this man has been guilty of,' said he, in a hesitating broken tone of voice, 'deserves the most exemplary punishment. He has dared to officiate as a minister of our holy religion; he has impiously listened to a confession, in a manner which no mortal but those appointed by God ought to have done; but this, however sacrilegiously obtained, was delivered by my deceased brother, in full security on the inviolable secresy ordained by the church on these occasions: this is no trifling matter. Mark me, Don Juan, I require you upon the faith and honour of a knight, upon that sacred character you bear as a gentleman and a Spaniard, to declare whether this man has directly or indirectly divulged the whole or any part of the confession he so impiously obtained? upon your answer depends my future conduct in this affair.' 'He has not;' said Don Juan, solemnly laying his hand upon his heart; 'and even were he so inclined I should think myself bound in honour not to listen to him.' 'Then I am satisfied,' returned the inquisitor, as his features recovered their usual expression: 'your conduct in this affair, Don Juan, as it proceeds from the nobleness of your disposition, I shall overlook; but for this wretch, I must insist upon reconducting him to his prison, from which he has been illegally released.' 'O never,' cried Donna Lucinda, as she fell at his feet; 'it were doubly cruel to snatch that liberty from him, which, but a moment ago, he seemed assured of.' 'The sacred duties of my function,' replied the inquisitor, 'must not give way to the claims of private friendship: he is my prisoner; *I* have the sole disposal of him; I find him here in a place and situation which *I* did not allot to him; I must again insist upon reconducting him to his cell.' Don Juan took hold of the arm of the obstinate inquisitor, and led him to the farther end of the apartment; they spoke together in so low a tone of voice, that the trembling and agitated Pedrosa could not distinguish the sounds. Donna Lucinda joined them, and seemed most earnest in her supplications: Don Jerome seemed to hesitate for a moment: he at last said, in a more audible voice, 'Well, I give you my word—-upon these conditions.' He then advanced to the terrified Pedrosa, and in a stern voice commanded him to follow. Pedrosa prepared to obey, for he saw that Don Juan and Donna Lucinda no longer opposed it: they only called after him in the most affectionate tone of friendship, 'Farewell, Pedrosa, and remember what we have said to you!' The poor fellow kissed his hands with an expression of the most heart-felt gratitude, and prepared to follow the impatient inquisitor.

They retraced the windings which led the way back to Pedrosa's place of confinement. Don Jerome never once opened his lips, and his fearful prisoner trembled at every step. When they arrived in the middle of the apartment, the former, laying down the lamp, walked for some moments backwards and forwards in the most violent agitation of mind: he two or three times repeated the word 'Pedrosa,' but the rest of the sentence died away upon his lips: at last making an extraordinary effort to command the turbulence of his feelings, 'Pedrosa,' said he, 'the will of Heaven has made you acquainted with a secret dearer to me than life itself: the illustrious blood of Valerda has been but once contaminated, and you alone are conscious of it. My noble brother revenged himself upon Rodozzo, the base-born author

of this contamination; he never can rise up to proclaim our dishonour, for I have learned that he died of those wounds which were given him as the punishment of his guilty presumption: you are likewise acquainted with all the circumstances of this adventure; it is you alone I have to fear in this world.' 'O never shall your holy reverence fear me,' cried Pedrosa: 'restore me to my liberty, my wife and children, and the secret shall never escape my lips.'—'Hear me to an end,' interrupted the inquisitor, while the frown of indignation arose upon his brow: 'were I not convinced that you came most unwillingly to the knowledge of those events, I would this moment insure your eternal silence, by your death: but mark what I am now going to say; let my words never be absent from your memory: I am now to give you your liberty; but remember, if in three hours you are seen in Madrid, and in the same number of days in the kingdom of Spain, that moment, by all that my soul holds sacred, will be the last of your existence; moreover, in whatever spot of the world shall be your future residence, if you dare to divulge the most distant hint of the important secrets with which you are acquainted, the most excruciating tortures await you, and all that is yours. Were you to fly to the most savage desert upon earth, you would not be safe from my resentment: I have agents every where, and the most intricate labyrinths of a mine, dug to the centre of the earth, could not hide you from my pursuit.' 'Never shall your holy reverence have occasion to complain of me,' returned Pedrosa: 'industry and frugality will—' 'Stop,' interrupted the impatient inquisitor, 'I had forgot one thing: I have ever observed that meanness of idea is the inseparable attendant on poverty and a wretched means of subsistence; I consider it as an additional security for your silence to raise you above necessity, even to a comparative state of opulence in respect to your former condition: wherever you are, this paper will entitle you to draw upon any mercantile house, who knows the opulence of our family, for the sum of one thousand ducats; and at the expiration of a year from this date I shall take care to transmit another of the same kind to you. Nay, do not thank me; I scorn to pretend that I do you an act of kindness, for were this moment the last of your existence, I should rejoice.' 'What I am going to observe to your holy reverence,' replied Pedrosa, 'is, that your bounty is useless; Don Juan has already provided for me, by a pension of eight hundred ducats.' The inquisitor looked at him with great earnestness for a moment:' 'Pedrosa,' said he, in a calmer voice than he had hitherto used, 'you are simple and honest; these are virtues unknown to many in your condition of life; I respect them: keep what I have given you, you are deserving of it; you shall now obtain your liberty, but remember the conditions; wherever you go your steps are watched; remember, your disobedience of my commands will be followed by consequences the most terrible. Lest you should meet with any interruption in your journey through Spain, take this seal, it is that of the holy office: if you find yourself in any perplexity, shew it to the spiritual director of the place where you may be, and it will be your sure passport; but be certain to destroy it when you pass the frontiers. Come, follow me.' Don Jerome gave Pedrosa the lamp, who proceeded through the mouldy damp passages with cheerfulness and alacrity. They

passed through a great hall, which led to a range of dungeons, the doors of which seemed to be strongly fastened with large iron bars. No sound but their own footsteps were heard in this dreary mansion of misery; and they at last arrived at a passage which led to a door, which was hardly three feet in height, but strongly secured in the inside. 'Put out the light,' said the inquisitor: Pedrosa tremblingly obeyed; for he could not tell what to think of an order which was to involve them in total darkness. Don Jerome with difficulty drew back the bolts; a sudden gust of the external air blew along the passage; he took hold of the shoulder of Pedrosa, in a moment pushed him into the street, and the door was shut with violence behind him.'

Pedrosa stood for a moment almost stupified with the sudden effect which the open air had upon his agitated nerves; at last, after moving forwards a few paces, he easily recollected the spot where he then was. In his simple uncultivated mind, his joy began to shew itself in a thousand different modes, which to an observer would have been highly entertaining: he stretched forth his limbs, ran from one side of the street to the other, sometimes stopping for a moment, and turning round and round as if to assure himself he was free; then clapping his hand above his head, and leaping up, he would hurry rapidly along. In this manner, like a person in a fit of intoxication, without thinking precisely on the matter, for he was too confused to think, he, as it were instinctively, took the way to his home.

The clock struck one as Pedrosa turned the corner of the church of San Nicholas; and the streets seemed to be deserted of every living creature: he was thereforesecure from that interruption which the singularity of his manner might have occasioned; and a few minutes brought him to the upper end of the Strada de Toledo.

Let us enter his humble habitation.—It was not long after the hour which, in happier times, used to call to rest the smiling family of Pedrosa. His daughter Lisetta had just awaked from a short slumber, and beheld her mother still sitting by the fire bathed in tears: she arose, and putting on a part of her clothes, endeavoured to comfort her. The more robust Stephano had fallen into a deep sleep after the fatigue of a third day's unsuccessful search for his father, over most part of the city of Madrid; while little Pedro, who had cried all day, now slumbered, unconscious of the misery around him. Suddenly a knocking is heard at the door, accompanied with the exclamation of 'Rise up, Janetta, rise up and open the door; it is I.' 'My father! my father!' cried Lisetta, and clapped her hands together with rapture. Her mother and she flew to the door together, and in a moment Pedrosa felt himself encircled in both their arms.—'Where have you been?' cried Janetta, in a tone of the fondest affection. 'Where have you been, father?' echoed Lisetta. But had Pedrosa been willing to have informed them, they were too much agitated to have listened to him. The noise they made awakened Stephano, who instantly sprung up and flew to his father. Pedrosa kissed them all; they all hung by him, they all spoke to him at once: at last he entreated them to hear what he had to say. 'Janetta, my love,' said he, addressing his wife, 'we are rich. I am no longer poor; you are a lady: but we must go from hence immediately.' 'Go where!' cried Janetta; 'where does my Pedrosa wish to go?'

'That is where I must lead you,' returned he; 'but be satisfied, my Janetta; we are rich, I tell you: I have no more occasion to work: here is money, and all honestly come by. I dare not tell you more, only that in three hours we must leave Madrid. Go, my children, and get on your holiday suits. Where is my dear little Pedro? You will all be made great folks. I dare not tell you any more, but I have friends who will do for you all.' Lisetta ran to the bed, and took up little Pedro in her arms: the child cried at first on being disturbed, but the moment he knew his father had come, he flew and clasped his little arms around his knees. 'Where have you been, father?' cried he, and sobbed aloud. Pedrosa lifted him up, and pressed him to his bosom. The misery he had suffered was now a source of the most exquisite enjoyment. Mean and contemptible as he had appeared to the prejudiced eyes of the haughty Don Jerome, Pedrosa was now surrounded by a little circle of which he was the king and the father; whose happiness was identified with his own, who loved whatever he loved, and who had scarce any other rule of conduct than what he prescribed.

Lisetta took her little brother Pedro on her knee, in order to dress him; but he was so eager to see his father that he could scarcely be prevailed upon to sit still. Pedrosa meanwhile ran backwards and forwards in the apartment, sometimes crying, at others bursting into violent laughter. He stopped his children, and kissed them: 'Make haste,' he cried; 'come, my children, we shall all be so happy: come, let us go.' 'O yes,' cried little Pedro, clapping his hands in extacy together; 'we shall go with father! father shall never leave us again.' Janetta packed up a small bundle of linen. 'Take nothing but your holiday clothes,' said Pedrosa; 'we are rich, I tell you, my Janetta: leave every other thing to our poor neighbours.' 'Yes, yes;' cried Pedro, 'and I will leave my little wooden horse to Jaocomo, who cried with me about you, father.' Janetta did as she was ordered, and in a few minutes more they were all ready to depart. In their passage through the shop Pedrosa could not behold, for the last time, the well-known implements of his profession without a fresh attack upon his feelings: he took them up and laid them down several times, while the tears started in his eyes. 'Good heavens!' cried he, recollecting himself allof a sudden—'to-morrow will be the eve of San Pacomo, and Fabrizio de Menes, and Sedillo Garcia, and Ambrosio Corollo will be here; and likewise Fernando Barradago, the duchess of Fuenta's major domo: what will they all think when they find that I am gone? But I am sure it is not my fault, and I wish I could be here still; for I am so rich I would shave them all for nothing.'

This family of exiles now got out into the street, and the full moon had risen in all her majesty to light them on their way. Pedrosa and his wife gave a last melancholy look to their humble dwelling. 'Ah!' said Janetta, 'there we have been happy. God knows, Pedrosa, if we shall ever be so happy where you are now leading us: but were it to the end of the world your children and I would follow you.' Pedrosa for some time could make no reply, for the sighs burst with agony from his bosom. His wife Janetta took hold of his arm; Lisetta led along little Pedro by the hand; while the hardy Stephano brought up the rear. In this manner they proceeded along the silent streets. Pedro was the only one of the party who felt gay

and elevated: he hopped first on one leg, then on the other; burst every now and then away from his sister to his father and mother, and talked of a thousand things by the way. They at last arrived opposite the convent of the Carthusians, where a brother of the order sat telling his beads. 'Good luck to me!' cried Pedrosa, as soon as he observed him: 'your blessing, holy father. Run, Stephano, to the large tree at the side of the ruined archway, and in a hole near the root you will find a purse of thirty ducats: bring them here.' Stephano ran to the spot. 'We are going upon a journey, good father,' resumed Pedrosa, 'and shall need your prayers.' The boy returned, and delivered the purse to his father. 'Here,' said Pedrosa, 'this is bestowed upon your convent; that you, and your brethren may celebrate mass, for the repose of my departed friend.' 'What is the name?' said the friar, pulling out a pencil and piece of parchment: 'Don Alphonso de Valerda,' returned Pedrosa. The monk wrote it down, and assured him that his request should be complied with. The poor fellow felt his heart lightened after this sacred act of gratitude: he trudged gaily along, and soon put spirits into the whole party. They soon passed the boundaries of the city. Little Pedro grew tired, and was lifted on the back of his lusty brother. 'Courage, my children,' cried Pedrosa; 'we shall soon hire a carriage and a couple of good mules.' With this assurance they hastened on, and by day-break were out of sight of the lofty spires of the city of Madrid.

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## LADIES' DRESSES
ON
## HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

*Her Majesty.*—A LILAC and silver tissue petticoat, with point Brussels lace draperies, and a point lace flounce: pocket-holes richly trimmed; the front of the draperies ornamented with diamonds, consisting of a large brilliant rosette, from which was suspended a diamond bow, with diamond tassel: the under drapery most richly ornamented with diamond chains: a mantle to correspond, richly trimmed with lace.

*Her Royal Highness Princess of Wales.*—The drapery and body of rich silver and lilac tissue, embroidered with emerald, topaz, and amethyst stones, to form vine leaves and grapes; at the bottom of the drapery a very rich silver fringe of quite a new pattern; train and petticoat of silver tissue, with a border all round to correspond with that on the drapery; also a rich silver fringe all round the train and petticoat; rich silver laurel to loop up the drapery and pocket-holes. The head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

*Princess Charlotte.*—A pink and silver slip, with a beautiful Brussels lace frock to wear over it; and a pink and silver girdle.

*Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth.*—A superb dress of apricot and silver tissue; the right side of the dress a magnificent drapery composed of an Etruscan net of large silver beads, tastefully divided at distance by a thick bullion chain of beads in dead silver, relieved with bright bullion, elegantly ornamented with massy wreaths of laurel in silver foil, and bouquets of chesnet blossoms with the kernel bursting from the shell. The bottom finished with a wreath of laurels in raised foil and beads; the whole looped up with large silver cords and tassels: robe of apricot and silver tissue, trimmed with broad Vandyke silver fringe, point lace, and diamonds.

*Princess Augusta.*—A yellow crape silver spangled petticoat, with double draperies, with an elegant silver cordon representing the ancient honeysuckle; mantle to correspond.

*Princess Mary*—wore a magnificent dress of brown crape embroidered with silver and pink roses, over a petticoat of royal purple: the design of each colour contrasted with the other had a surprising new and elegant effect: oval draperies richly spangled all over, and terminated with marking borders of dead and bright foil, in Vandykes, with roses, beautifully variegated, interspersed lightly in the embroidery, had a truly picturesque and novel appearance. The whole completed with elegant cords and tassels; robe of brown purple and silver tissue, trimmed with broad Vandyke fringe, point lace, and diamonds.

*Princess Sophia.*—A pea-green petticoat, over which an elegant scarf drapery of the same colour, most magnificently embroidered in silver pines and branches: on the right side a wing of embroidery of uncommon richness, and on the left a drapery, richly spangled; a beautiful fringe round the bottom of the petticoat; the robe of green and silver tissue, most elegantly trimmed with silver, and looped on the sleeves with silver chains and acorns. Head-dress, plume of green and white feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

*Princess Amelia.*—Petticoat of white crape, richly spangled, and unique border; draperies of purple albany net, fastened with silver arrows; pockets formed with rich sprigs of laurel; train of handsomely embroidered purple tissue: on the left a beautiful formed drapery of festooned shell-work, ornamented with Parisian trimming.

*Duchess of York.*—A pink crape petticoat, richly embroidered in silver; the draperies beautifully spangled with gold; diamond ear-rings and neck-lace. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

*Princess Sophia of Gloucester.*—A splendid dress of white and silver, superbly embroidered: the form of the draperies was particularly striking and elegant, and was much admired for taste and effect; the whole finished with a massy border at the bottom. Her royal highness wore a robe of lilac and silver tissue, with rich embroidered sleeves and front.

*Princes Castelcicala.*—An elegant dress of lavender-coloured crape, fluted in divisions, and trimmed with broad black lace, ornamented with wreaths of fancy flowers, same colour as the dress, and bows of ribbands. This dress was much admired for taste and simplicity. Robes of Turkish lace, trimmed all round with lavender-coloured flowers.

*Duchess of Rutland.*—Elegantly dressed in a beautiful petticoat and train of straw-coloured crape, with rich wreaths of silver vine leaves, and ropes of silver arrows.

*Marchioness of Downshire.*—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver and pearls, the design forming in front two rows of large bouquets of wheat ears, and branches of wheat in pearls: the bottom of the petticoat embroidered with the same elegant design of pearl wheat ears and branches: the draperies embroidered with an Etruscan border in silver, intermixed with pearl wheat ears: the train of white sarsnet, embroidered with the same rich border as the draperies; on each sleeve was a bunch of pearl wheat ears embroidered. Head-dress was ornamented with a crape embroidery to correspond, with white ostrich feathers, and a profusion of the finest diamonds.

*Countess of Kingston.*—A white crape petticoat, most tastefully embroidered with silver wheat ears;

also embroidered drapery drawn up with a very rich silver cord and tassels: the body and train of white satin, richly embroidered with silver to correspond with the petticoat: crape sleeves, richly embroidered with silver, and trimmed with point lace.

*Countess of Chatham.*—An elegant dress of green and silver, superbly embroidered in rich bunches of silver acorns; a very rich embroidered border, with Vandyke silver fringe: green crape train, beautifully ornamented with silver, and embroidered to correspond with the petticoat.

*Countess of Shaftesbury.*—A white crape petticoat, very richly embroidered with silver; at the bottom a corkscrew trimming of white satin and silver rolio, with a flounce of silver Vandyke blond: the train a rich white silk, trimmed all round the same as the petticoat. Head-dress of silver, with white feathers.

*Countess of Mendip.*—A white crape petticoat, with a rich Vandyke silver foil border, edged by the real silver lamia; under this border is a chain linked with the prince's plume: on the right side is a Grecian drapery, with a double Vandyke border, with sprigs of the lily of the valley; this drapery is looped up with a rich silver cord and tassels: the left drapery is beautifully embroidered with silver roses, with the same border, and edged with a Trafalgar fringe; pocket-holes fancifully trimmed to correspond.

*Countess of Camden.*—A sarsnet lavender-colour petticoat, covered with Brussels lace draperies, the bottom of the petticoat fancifully trimmed; the train of the same sarsnet as the petticoat, trimmed with beautiful Brussels lace. Head-dress of feathers with diamonds.

*Countess of Grosvenor.*—A white crape petticoat, with an imperial ring ground, and rich draperies, richly worked in silver amia; the petticoat embroidered in waves, and an elegant silver foil border: train to correspond.

*Countess of Orford.*—A white satin petticoat, with lace draperies, trimmed with pink French beads, and wreaths of apple blossom; train to correspond. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Countess of Macclesfield.*—A straw-coloured satin petticoat, with superb drapery of white crape embroidered in gold; peacock's feathers, in the heart or eye of each feather were beautiful coloured stones; the border a la Grecque, with large embroidered gold feathers and coloured stones: the robe to correspond; the sleeves and breast of which were most magnificently embroidered with gold feathers and coloured stones. —Head-dress, straw-coloured and white feathers, and beautiful diamonds.

*Countess of Cholmondeley.*—Body and train of yellow crape, richly embroidered with silver; sleeves of point lace, looped up with stars of diamonds; petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered with silver; on one side a sash of yellow crape, fastened with bunches of jonquil.

*Countess of Jersey.*—A blue crape petticoat, elegantly ornamented with draperies of rich gold embroidery in the Turkish style, suspended with gold cord and tassels; a blue cape train, trimmed with gold.

*Viscountess Castlereagh.*—A magnificent dress of apple-green crape, richly embroidered in silver; the whole spangled with silver, and trimmed with large silver zephyr and Vandyke fringe: the draperies tied up with rich tassels and cord, train to correspond; the body and sleeves fully trimmed with point. Head-dress, a profusion of diamonds, and nine ostrich feathers.

*Baroness Strogonoff.*—A white

crape petticoat, richly embroidered in silver; a rich border at the bottom of Algerine spangles: draperies of crape, richly embroidered in silver; Roman scrole ground-work of rich vermiciti in silver; train of white silk, beautifully embroidered in silver: head-dress to correspond.

*Right Hon. Lady Eliz. Spencer.*—A most beautiful lavender silk train and petticoat, richly ornamented with draperies of superb point lace, looped up with beads and bead tassels; the bottom of the petticoat trimmed with point lace to correspond. Head-dress of ostrich feathers and beads.

*Lady Arden.*—A white crape petticoat and drapery, very beautifully embroidered with silver, and interlined with pea-green sarsnet; body and train of pea-green sarsnet, ornamented with silver and point lace.

*Lady M. Walpole.*—Petticoat elegantly embroidered with silver sprigs, and tastefully ornamented with rock lilies; the draperies looped up with flowers: the body and train of white sarsnet, ornamented with silver and point lace.

*Lady Barbara Ashley Cooper.*—White crape petticoat richly ornamented with white satin, and an applique of white satin and velvet all over the front of the petticoat, in stripes of white satin and lilac: the train a white figured silk, trimmed all round with a wreath of white lilac. Head-dress, gold band with medallions, white lilacs, and feathers; necklace and ear-rings of gold and medallions, to match the head-dress.

*Lady John Borlase Warren.*—A rich purple and grey figured silk, with a most elegant drapery of point lace; the bottom of the petticoat trimmed with point lace to correspond; the train of the same; the sleeves and trimming of rich Brussels point. Head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

*Lady Harcourt.*—A lilac crape petticoat, superbly embroidered in stripes of dull silver feathers and spangles, grounded with wreaths of Algerine spangles; train of lilac crape, trimmed with silver. Head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

*Lady Boringdon.*—A white sarsnet petticoat, trimmed with rich Brussels lace, and elegantly ornamented with horse-chesnut blossom; amber-coloured train. Head-dress to correspond.

*Lady Mary Bentinck.*—A white crape petticoat and drapery, beautifully embroidered with silver vine: white crape draperies and silver to correspond; the draperies suspended with rich silver cord and tassels.

*Lady Catharine Long.*—Petticoat of white crape, appliqued in a silver waving border, forming a drapery across; on the left side a sash of the same, tied up with rich cords and tassels: body and train of brown and silver tissue; trimmed lace sleeves, looped up with diamond stars. Head-dress, bandeau of brown and silver tissue, feathers, and aigrette of diamonds.

*Lady Caroline Bertie.*—Train of Peruvian net, body and sleeves of the same, ornamented with a small wreathing of peach-blossom; white sarsnet petticoat, over which was gracefully thrown two falling draperies, terminating with a sash trimmed with small wreathing of peach-blossom, tastefully fastened up with bunches of the same.

*Lady Read.*—Petticoat of white crape, richly ornamented with subdued silver, forming chains, and fastened with wreaths of white roses; the train of white sarsnet, elegantly ornamented to correspond: the head-dress was composed of a beautiful plume of feathers, fastened with a

rich rose of diamonds, and an elegant bandeau of the same, which continued from the front round the right side of the head.] The whole had a very light and tasteful effect, and corresponded with the delicacy of the lady's figure.

*Lady Wills.*—We have seldom witnessed any thing more splendid than her ladyship's dress. She wore a petticoat of white imperial net bordered with silver; the draperies were of lilac crape, ornamented with a most superb silver Vandyke, and fastened with large silver tassels; train of imperial net, Vandyke border of silver to correspond with the train: head-dress, a profusion of beautiful diamonds.

*Lady Mary Parker.*—A dove-coloured petticoat uncommonly richly embroidered with silver, in elegant chains across; the border serpentine pattern, a fall of embroidered points on one side: robe and head-dress to correspond.

*The Hon. Mrs. Cornwall.*—Petticoat of primrose crape, most beautifully and richly embroidered with silver draperies of the same in a mosaic pattern; ornamented with silver Parisian trimming, and confined tastefully with cord and tassels.

*The Hon. Mrs. George Herbert.*—A magnificent silver robe and coat, entirely covered with a shower of spangles; the draperies tied up with very large silver zephyr and cords, and finished with a superb silver fringe. Head-dress, a beautiful pearl wreath, and seven ostrich feathers.

*The Hon. Mrs. Drummond.*—White crape petticoat, tastefully embroidered with silver leaves; at the bottom of the petticoat a beautiful wreath border, embroidered with silver; the drapery of primrose crape, festooned up with silver; body and train of primrose-sarsnet, ornamented with silver and point lace.

*Hon. Miss Bassett.*—A dress of pale green crape and silver; draperies edged with borders of embossed silver in Vandyke. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*The Hon. Miss Seymour Coleman.*—In a very superb dress, formed of white satin, with full mantle draperies, richly ornamented with a curious ostrich feather fringe, supported and fastened up with ropes and tassels of fine gold beads; train of white crape, edged with the same costly beads. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

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## A NIGHT WALK

### IN JUNE.

*By J. M. L.*

> 'Night! 'tis thy gloom that bids the bosom glow,
> And teaches man his inmost soul to know.'
>
> *Author's Manuscript Poems.*

TRULY may it be said, that night is peculiarly suited to open to man's view the secret recesses of his own bosom: no business that day might offer to interfere with his thoughts; no solar light to dispel the guilty fears that may haunt his mind; silence and solitude his only companions; he feels the superior influence of mind over matter, while conscience reads to him, in an audible voice, the history of 'the days that are gone:' while these are its occupations, night will make the good man's breast glow with happiness, and bid the sinner tremble; but to the miserable being night is ever welcome.

> 'The tranquillising stillness of its reign,
> The balmy-breathing zephyr's soften'd breath,
> Are dear to him who seeks with pensive pain
> The murky mansions of the tyrant, death:

Who goes to shed the sweetly soothing tear,
To heave the soft and soul-responding sigh,
Where lies in dust the form so late held dear,
Where sleeps in death fair beauty's once-bright eye.'

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

Night is the time, and ever has been, for awful ceremonies: I am led to make this observation by the forcibly-pathetic, yet simple statement, in Bloomfield's poem of 'Good Tidings,' of the death and interment of his father, who fell a victim to that once-terrific scourge, the small-pox: the infant mentioned in the quotation was himself; and the terror that was formerly occasioned by the appearance of the small-pox in a country village I know to be truly described.

'There dwelt, beside a brook that creeps along
Midst infant hills and meads unknown to song,
One to whom poverty and faith were giv'n,
Calm village silence, and the hope of heav'n:
Alone she dwelt; and while each morn brought peace,
And health was smiling on her years increase,
Sudden and fearful, rushing through her frame,
Unusual pains and feverish symptoms came.
Then, when debilitated, faint, and poor,
How sweet to hear a footstep at her door!
To see a neighbour watch life's silent sand,
To hear the sigh, and feel the helping hand!
Soon woe o'erspread the interdicted ground,
And consternation seiz'd the hamlets round:
Uprose the pest—its widow'd victim died;
And foul contagion spread on ev'ry side:
The helping neighbour, for her kind regard,
Bore home *that* dreadful tribute of reward,
*Home*, where six children, yielding to its pow'r,
Gave hope and patience a most trying hour;
One at her breast still drew the living stream,
And sense of danger never marr'd his dream;
Yet all exclaim'd, and with a pitying eye,
'Whoe'er survives the shock, *that child will die!*'
But vain the fiat,—Heav'n restor'd them all,
And destin'd one of riper years to fall.
Midnight beheld the close of all his pain;
His grave was clos'd when midnight came again;
No bell was heard to toll, no funeral pray'r,
No kindred bow'd, no wife, no children there;
Its horrid nature could inspire a dread,
That cut the bonds of custom like a thread.
The humble church-tow'r higher seem'd to shew,
Illumin'd by their trembling light below;
The solemn night-breeze struck each shivering cheek;
Religious reverence forbade to speak:
The starting sexton his short sorrow chid,
When the earth murmur'd on the coffin lid;
And falling bones, and sighs of holy dread,
Sounded a requiem to the silent dead!'

The sun had set a few minutes when I commenced my present walk, and the west was yet vividly tinged with his departing light.

'A beam of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued me no more,
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead;
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their pow'r,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled!

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt, how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away!

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim;
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him.

The thought was extatic! I felt as if heav'n
Had already the wreath of eternity shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiv'n,
My heart had begun to be purely its own.

I look'd on the west, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded was clouded no more;
'Oh! thus,' I exclaim'd, 'can a heavenly eye
Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before!'

*Moore.*

Fragrance floated on every breath of air; for every flower, and every blossomed bush, were now in full perfection, and each contributed its share of sweetness to the ever-passing zephyr. It was just such a night as Hurdis had in view, when, in his poem of 'The Village Curate,' he invites Alcanor to

'Descend into the valley, and enjoy
The sober peace of the still summer's eve.
We have no blush to lose; our freckled cheek
The sun not blisters, nor the night-dew blasts.
Such is the time the musing poet loves.
Now vigorous imag nation teems,
And, warm with med tation, brings to birth
Her admirable thought. I love to hear
The silent rook to the high wood make way
With rustling wing; to mark the wanton mouse,
And see him gambol round the primrose head,
'Till the still owl comes smoothly sailing forth,
And with a shrill *too-whit* breaks off his dance,
And sends him scouring home; to hear the cur
Of the night-loving partridge, or the swell
Of the deep curfew from afar. And now
It pleases me to mark the hooting owl,
Perch'd on the naked hop-pole; to attend
The distant cataract, or farmer's cur
That bays the northern lights or rising moon.
And now I steal along the woody lane,
To hear thy song so various, gentle bird,
Sweet queen of night, transporting Philomela!
I name thee not to give my feeble line
A grace else wanted; for I love thy song,
And often have I stood to hear it sung,
When the clear moon, with Cytherean smile,
Emerging from an eastern cloud, has shot
A look of pure benevolence and joy
Into the heart of night. Yes, I have stood
And mark'd thy varied note, and frequent pause,
Thy brisk and melancholy mood, with soul
Sincerely pleas'd. And oh! methought, no note
Can equal thine, sweet bird, of all that sing
How easily the chief! Yet have I heard
What pleases me still more—the human voice,
In serious sweetness, flowing from the heart
Of unaffected woman. I could hark
'Till the round world dissolv'd, to the pure strain
Love teaches, gentle modesty inspires.
But tease me not, ye self-conceited fools,
Who with a loud insufferable squall
Insult our ears, or hum a noiseless air,
Disdaining to be heard; the while ye smile,
To shew a set of teeth newly repair'd,
Or shrink and shrug, to make the crowd admire
Your strange grimaces practis'd at the glass.
Oh! I abhor it! I would rather hear
A pedlar's kit bescrape a dancing dog.'

I wandered, almost unconsciously, with my eyes fixed on the bright orb of Hesper, wrapt in deep contemplation, till the distant murmur of a bell, pealing the hour of ten, warned me to return: in doing so, I passed a well-remembered grove, in whose deepest retirements I have spent many a noontide hour. Now Philomela had taken possession of its sequestered retreats, and was warbling her sweet music in the ear of night: I could not help inwardly ejaculating,

'List' to the night-bird's melancholy plaint,
That steals on echo's wing across the vale;
Now the soft music sinks in warblings faint,
And seems sad sorrow's mournful-sounding tale.
Or else, methinks, the pensive murmurs seem
Like soft complaining from love's tortur'd breast;
Where disappointment has destroy'd the dream,
That told the tender heart it should be blest!'

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

Pleased with my short but charming walk, I reached my 'home of rest;' and should any Cynic frown on my humble effort to amuse in depicting that walk, I shall only answer him in the words of Hurdis:

'Let him read who will;
And blame me not, if tardy as the snail
I hardly creep a single mile from home.
It is my humour. Let him speed who will,
And fly like canon-shot from post to post;
I love to pause, and quit the public road,
To gain a summit, take a view, or pluck
An unknown blossom. What if I dismount,
And leave my steed to graze the while I sit
Under the pleasant lee, or idly roam
Across the pasture, diligent to mark
What passes next?—'Tis English blood that flows
Under the azure covert of these veins.
I love my liberty; and if I sing,
Will sing to please myself; bound by no rule,

The subject of no law.—I cannot think
Praise-worthy excellence is only hit
By servile imitation. In a path
Peculiarly his own great Handel went,
And justly merits our applause, tho' not
The Homer of his art. In a new course
Went Shakspeare, nobly launching forth;
And who shall say he has not found perfection,
Tho' not a Sophocles? Ye shallow wits,
Who bid us coast it in the learned track,
Nor quit the sight of shore, there is in art
A world unknown, whose treasures only he
Shall spy, and well deserve, who proudly scorns
The second laurel, and exultingly steers
Far from the custom'd way. My slender bark
Perchance has rush'd into a boist'rous sea,
Which soon shall overwhelm her: yet I fear
No storms the furious elements can rouse;
And if I fail, shall deem it noble still
To founder in a brave attempt. Once more
The cheerful breeze invites; I fill my sail
And scud before it. When the critic starts,
And angrily unties his bags of wind,
Then I lay to, and bid the blast go by.'

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## ALPHONSO AND ALMIRA;

OR,

## THE NOBLE FORESTER.

A

SARDINIAN TALE.

*By a Lady.*

(Continued from p. 253.)

### CHAP. V.

*Antonio forms a plot against the life of Alphonso—Alphonso is seized for a robbery, and confined to his hut—Rinaldo resolves to appeal to the king should Antonio give judgment against him.*

ANTONIO, enraged at the repulse he had met with, determined to resent the injury; nor was he long without the means. He immediately caused a diamond ring of great value, and well known to the king, to be concealed within Alphonso's hut; which having done, he posted away to the first village he could reach where he made a formal complaint of his having been robbed on the forest, by several ruffians, and obtained a warrant to enable him to search for the property that he pretended had been taken from him.

The barbed shafts of malice are ever swiftly shot. Hence, Alphonso had scarcely time to consider of the conduct of Antonio, and guard against the revenge he threatened, before the effects of his resentment were unhappily felt. He was just on the moment of departing, in company with Rinaldo and Almira, when several officers suddenly seized him, by virtue of a warrant Antonio had obtained. Rinaldo immediately drew his sword, and would have slain the person who had laid hands on Alphonso, had his prudence not restrained him.

'By what authority,' demanded Rinaldo, 'is this violence offered?'—The officers immediately shewed their warrant, informing him that it had been obtained on the complaint of the lord Antonio, who had been robbed by several villains, one of whom he suspected to be Alphonso; and they added, that their farther orders were to search for the effects Antonio had lost, and which were then suspected to be concealed within the hut. When the name of Antonio was mentioned as the person who had been robbed, it was impossible to determine whether Alphonso, Rinaldo, or Almira, discovered the greatest degree of astonishment. They each of them perceived the wickedness of the charge, and the vile source from whence it came; and Alphonso, conscious of his innocence, scrupled not to suffer the officers to search the hut, not knowing that he could have any thing to fear from it. But Antonio had laid his plan much deeper

than they suspected. The wretch who had hid the ring in Alphonso's hut was artfully sent with the officers, who, directed by him, instantly went to the spot where it was concealed; and taking it from its hidden place, presently returned with it, proclaiming it a proof of Alphonso's guilt.

Though Rinaldo immediately saw through the horrid scheme, and what was really meant by it, he could not but feel himself most sensibly alarmed; since his uncle, the count Antonio, was at the head of the superior council, and had a power lodged in him to judge of all offences, and to punish those he pronounced guilty at his will and pleasure.

'Come,' cried Rinaldo to the officers, 'your warrant must be obeyed: Alphonso shall attend you.'

'Sir,' replied the officers, 'Alphonso must not stir hence. It is the order of the count Antonio that he should be closely confined within the hut until he comes here to try the offender.'

'And does he mean then, gracious Heaven!' exclaimed Rinaldo, 'to be both prosecutor and judge? But execute your warrant. Alphonso is innocent, and shall be protected.'

Almira, who had been lost the whole time in a mixture of surprise and indignation at the baseness of Antonio, threw herself at Rinaldo's feet, and, bedewing them with her tears, besought him to seek the king, and interest him in behalf of her father, against the views of Antonio.

'Be of good cheer,' cried Rinaldo; 'the king comes to-morrow to a neighbouring city, on his annual circuit, to enquire into the administration of public justice. There will then be an opportunity of appealing from the sentence of Antonio, should he dare to convict you of the theft you are charged with, and of procuring you ample justice for any injury you may receive.'

'Heavens!' cried Alphonso, 'his presence will surely shelter me from the dreadful persecution with which I am threatened.'

It will easily be imagined in what manner the unhappy father, and the two lovers, passed the day and night. It was in vain that Rinaldo entreated Alphonso to take comfort, and contemn the plot that Antonio had so basely laid against his life. The very thought that he was accused of being a thief, a character at once so mean and detestable in the eye of man, drove him almost into a state of absolute distraction. The motive of Antonio's conduct, he consoled himself, would very readily be made appear; it being too notorious upon the very face of it to be concealed: but the fear that filled him at the same time, lest Antonio should be able, through his emissaries, to effect his purpose before the arrival of the king, overwhelmed him with grief and despair, and gave a very severe check to those services he would otherwise be certain of deriving from Rinaldo's friendship.

Such were the reflections that occupied Alphonso's mind, when Almira, too deeply affected by her father's situation not to think of every means of relieving him from it, used the most winning persuasions in her power to induce him to make an immediate disclosure to Antonio of his birth, and the pretensions it gave him to the throne of Sardinia: flattering herself, that the knowledge of it would not only discourage him from any farther attempts on the life and honour of Alphonso, but strike him dumb with shame and confusion at the part he had acted. Alphonso listened to the advice of Almira with all possible attention and respect, though he could by no

means think of taking it. 'No, my dearest child!' said Alphonso, 'I would on no account reveal my birth. Heaven knows I am innocent of the crime I am charged with, but the event of it is yet uncertain. I would not for the world have it known that the son of Orlando, the heir of the crown of Sardinia, was ever suspected of having committed a theft. No, Almira; I would go to my trial, obscure and unknown as I am. If I should, by the villainy of Antonio, be found guilty, my family will suffer no disgrace from my unhappy fate. If I should be pronounced innocent, as Heaven knows I am, with honour I shall then be able to discover myself to my father and my country.'

## CHAP. VI.

*Alphonso is pronounced guilty, and condemned to the galleys—Almira determines to sacrifice herself to Antonio, to save her father's life—She is prevented by Alphonso and Rinaldo.*

While Alphonso and Rinaldo were preparing to ward off the blow intended by Antonio, every instrument the latter could employ was industriously used to carry into execution his diabolical design, and hurl destruction on Alphonso's head. Accordingly an officer, attended by a party of soldiers, who were ordered to wait at a small distance, came to Alphonso's hut; and demanding an immediate interview, informed him, in a solemn tone of voice, that Antonio had been made acquainted with the circumstance of the very ring he had been robbed of being found concealed in his hut, and, considering that alone as a sufficient proof of his being the robber, had thought fit to order him to serve for life as a galley-slave.

The horror with which this sentence, so peremptorily delivered, and no less cruel than unexpected, struck Alphonso, may be better conceived than expressed.—'Is it possible,' cried Alphonso, 'that Antonio can be so unjust as to condemn any one unheard?'

'He is satisfied,' answered the officer, 'with the evidence laid before him; and has commanded me, his officer of justice, to signify to you his will and pleasure; that his judgment shall not only be final and conclusive, but that you be immediately transported, agreeable to the sentence given against you.'

'Heavens!' exclaimed Almira, 'is my father then to be dragged from me?'

'He is,' returned the officer, 'unless, indeed, *you* will undertake to be his advocate, and seek his pardon from Antonio, who is of a mild and merciful disposition, and easily to be won over by your entreaty to forgive your father.'

'To *forgive* me!' cried Alphonso. 'Tell him, tell Antonio, that I spurn the idea, and would rather die than live by his favour.'

'Say you so?' replied the officer. 'Your pride will soon be put to the trial. The guard belonging to the galleys is near at hand, waiting my orders to convey you to the place of your destination; and unless you will permit your fair daughter to accompany me back to Antonio, I shall instantly call on them to execute the sentence of the law.'

'Hold, monster!' cried Alphonso. 'I value my child's virtue before every thing the world contains, and would gladly meet the worst of deaths in preserving it.'

'Say you so?' replied the officer; 'and immediately he called the guard to do their duty.'

The ruffians no sooner began to bind the unhappy Alphonso than

Almira rent the air with her piercing cries, and entreated the officer to forbear executing the sentence: adding, that rather than her father, whom she esteemed more than life, should be carried into slavery, she would suffer every thing; and even yield herself up to th[illegible] passion of Antonio, however [illegible] might abhor and detest hi[illegible]cer, perceiving in what n[illegible]ears worked on her, [illegible]honso that, observing [illegible] to act in a way that w[illegible]ntonio, he should for the present stop the hands of the guards, and leave him to consider whether he would prefer the situation of a galley-slave to Almira's being the mistress of Antonio, whose power and wealth commanded the respect of every one throughout Sardinia.

'How is this?' cried Alphonso, as soon as the officer had left them. 'Is it possible that you would consent to be Antonio's, and prefer a life of shame and infamy to my being wretched and a slave? The very thought, my dear child, drives me almost to distraction. Sooner than Antonio should possess you this hand of mine should put an end to the existence of us both. What are chains and fetters to a mind that is pure and unsullied?'

'Indeed, my dear father,' answered Almira, 'you wrong me much. I never could harbour so vile a thought as that of giving my hand to Antonio. The very idea were at once monstrous and preposterous. Believe me, my dear father, if I affected to reconcile the thought of giving up myself to Antonio, it was only for the purpose of gaining time, in order that Rinaldo might have an opportunity of bringing an appeal before the king. But sooner than my father should go into slavery, I will even consent to accompany Antonio's officer back to his lord and master; and you and Rinaldo shall both of you approveof the resolution I have formed.'

Rinaldo was struck with amazement, and immediately demanded of Almira what she meant, and how she could reconcile her declaration in favour of Antonio with the solemn assurances she had so repeatedly given him of her love.

Almira replied, that during her interview with Antonio Rinaldo might have it in his power to seek the king; and that, if it could not be done in time, she hoped to be able to persuade Antonio to drop all farther persecution, release Alphonso, and clear up his honour; or, if that should fail, her last expedient should be to give herself up to Antonio, upon condition of his becoming her father's friend and advocate, instead of being his enemy and persecutor, and when, buoyed up by her promises, he should order Alphonso to be declared innocent, and in consequence expect a sacrifice of her honour, as a return she would, at the very moment of expectation, stab the monster to the heart, and think her life well given if it should but tend to rescue the best of fathers from a situation too horrid to be thought of, without piercing her with the severest pangs of misery and distress.

Alphonso and Rinaldo were equally charmed at the heroic behaviour of Almira, but thought it by no means prudent that she should venture herself in the hands of Antonio, who would stop at nothing to effect her ruin: nor could Rinaldo suffer her to think a moment of so rash an expedient; adding, that it would be infinitely better for him to fly immediately to the king, and lay before him Alphonso's unhappy case. Alphonso and Almira equally approved of Rinaldo's proposal, but could not bear the thought of his leaving them at the mercy of An-

tonio, whose creatures would, perhaps, before his return, be enabled to accomplish the purpose he had in view.

A thousand projects were thought of, but nothing held advisable to be pursued—so distracted were each of them—to determine the course that should be taken as most likely to tend to their general good.

*(To be continued.)*

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## SOLITARY WALKS

### IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY JOHN WEBB.

### WALK II.

'Hush'd was the pausing deep-ton'd funeral knell,
Twelve times the clapper stroke the pausing bell;
The rooks and daws, dark tenants of the tow'r,
Caught the alarm, and croak'd the midnight-hour:
Complacent sleep! kind Nature's loveliest law!
Had stretch'd the peasant on his bed of straw;
Nor was oblivion's balmy boon deny'd
To lull the dog, fast snoring by his side:
Black clouds of darkness overspread the pole,
And not one star was twinkling thro' the whole;
All, all was deep impenetrable gloom,
Silent as death, and awful as the tomb:'

ANON.

When I took my solitary excursion amid the silent demesne of death. Raven-coloured clouds veiled Cynthia's silvery eye, and deprived the lonely wanderer of her guiding ray.—'Fair empress of the night!' I exclaimed, 'though envious vapours have hid thee from my sight, yet will I hail thee.—Unlike proud sol, thy imperial consort, who rides in flaming majesty the vast expanse, thou movest with mild dignity along the azure vault, attended by a sparkling train of golden constellations; and such is thy condescending goodness, thou dispensest thy beams over the wide creation, lighting the sea-beat mariner to the wished-for port, and the benighted traveller to his journey's end, and, as the poet sings, through every distant age hast held a lamp to [illegible].'

What an awful still[illegible]ded the dreary scene! [illegible]nt from the bustle and [illegible] living world! The pl[illegible] palpitating heart we[illegible]t. The schemist no longer lamented his baffled projects, nor was the man of feeling a martyr to his acute sensations, proceeding from a too refined sensibility. The infant no more desired to drain the breast of its milky beverage; and talkative age had finished its long, long tale.

While absorpt in meditation, methought I heard the tread of an unwelcome foot, that was trespassing upon my solitude; but it proved only the echo of mine own footsteps.

'But why indulge a momentary fear
That I should find the rash intruder here?
The juvenile, the volatile, and gay,
Have steer'd their jovial course another way:
The proud one will not quit his gilded rooms,
To seek amusement here, among the tombs;
Nor will the drunkard leave his 'mantling bliss,'
To pay a visit to a scene like this.

Here reigns mild peace upon her throne of rest;
A settled calm pervades each subject's breast:
Here pleasure's silk-clad votaries cease to shine,
Nor longer sigh for splendor, love, or wine:
Ambition's air-form'd projects all are o'er,
And beauty's full-blown roses charm no more.

Perhaps beneath the turf, unconscious prest,
Full many a swain who teem'd with genius rest;
Who, had some patron rous'd the dormant fire,
Like Milton, might have swept a seraph's lyre;
Like star-exploring Newton, soar'd on high,
And scann'd the golden wonders of the sky;

Like Nelson, made Britannia's thunders roll
From northern Thule to the southern pole.

What countless numbers crowd this hallow'd spot,
Their useful lives, their humble names, forgot!
Assist me, recollection, to review
The various characters of those I knew.

In yon short grave is my Clarissa laid,
A tender flower, that blossom'd but to fade;
Too delicate a texture to sustain
The fierce assaults of agonising pain.
Thrice happy infant! thou shalt weep no more;
Thou'rt landed on a pleasurable shore;
Escap'd each threat'ning wave and beating storm,
And wear'st in heaven a cherub's glittering form.

Millions, when day's bright lamp shall cease to burn,
Will wish, like thee, they'd found an early urn.
Then king's, divested of their regal state,
Would give their years of fame for thy short date:
Heroes would with their boasted laurels part,
To gain, blest babe! thine innocence of heart.
Then impious Voltaire, the proud wit of France,
Will view with envious eye thy happy ignorance.'

*Author's Manuscript Poem.*

Near the walls of the sacred fane are laid the remains of eccentric Ambrose, a singular character, who dwelt secluded from society, and spent his time in mathematical researches, and in endeavouring to find out the longitude, hoping to gain the reward which the legislature offered for the discovery. Though fond of solving the problems of Euclid, he was by profession a son of Esculapius, and possessed much medical knowledge, and oft imparted ease to the tortured frames of those who personally applied to him; but neither promises nor rewards could prevail with him to quit his cottage to visit any of his patients. Were I to record his eccentricities they would provoke risibility, which the seriousness of my subject forbids. Therefore shall only observe that, though strange his life, he lived not altogether in vain.

' While others joy in dull seclusion find,
Mine be the pleasures of a social mind;
Mine, the soft bliss that waits the nuptial tie,
And mine the charms of sweet society:
Mine be the philanthropic wish, t'embrace,
In one warm ample fold, the human race.'

*Manuscript Poem.*

Behind the church, where rest in obscurity the parish dead, old William, a tippling mechanic, reposes, who travelled the country an itinerant carpenter, contracting debts, which he never discharged; but, though folly was a prominent feature in his character,

' He wisely shunn'd the incumbrance * of a wife.'

A short time before his death, being at an ale-house, he said, "'tis a saying that Church-goers will swear, Presbyterians will lie, Methodists will cant, and Quakers will cheat; and I believe I can do a little of them all.'

He was, however, a favourite with the youthful tribe, and by making their bats and wickets contributed to their pleasure, by furnishing them with the means to procure it.

' For he was one in all their idle sport,
And, like a monarch, rul'd their little court.
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball;
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all.'

Being about to retire from the solemn spot, the reflections occasioned by a review of the last character

* The fair reader, perhaps, will be ready to call me, and may deem an apology needful, for my deeming any of her sex an incumbrance. I grant, and by pleasing experience I affirm, that a wife is a very desirable actress in the domestic scene, and well calculated to add charms to the happy fire-side. But a poor itinerant pedestrian always finds to his cost, that a female companion is the most cumbrous part of his baggage.

gave rise to the following apostrophe.

Gracious Heaven! may I be enabled, by thy assistance, to act an useful honourable part on earth, that, when my body moulders in the darksome tomb, my memory may bloom in the remembrance of my friends and relatives.—

'Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.'

*Haverhill.*

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## ANECDOTE of MICHAEL ANGELO.

(*From Duppa's 'Life and Literary Works of Michael Angelo Buonarotti.'*)

WHEN Michael Angelo pursued his profession in his father's house he produced a statue of a sleeping Cupid that advanced his reputation; and as, at this period, the discoveries of antiquity, which made a new æra in art and literature, were found sometimes to betray the judgment into too great an enthusiasm for those remains, it was suggested to him by a friend of his, one Pier Francesco, that if it could be supposed an antique it would not fail to be equally admired. He adopted the thought, and stained the marble so as to give it the desired appearance; and his friend sent it to Rome, consigned to a proper person to carry on the deception; who after burying it in his vineyard dug it up, and then reported the discovery. The deception completely succeeded, and the statue was bought by cardinal St. Giorgio, for two hundred ducats; of which sum, however, Michael Angelo only received thirty.

The cardinal had not been long in the possession of his new purchase before he was given to understand that he was deceived; and that, instead of its being an antique, it was the work of a modern artist in Florence. He felt indignant at the imposition, and immediately sent a gentleman of his household to Florence, on purpose to learn the truth. No sooner was Michael Angelo discovered to be the sculptor, than the most flattering commendation was bestowed upon his merit; and he was strongly recommended to visit Rome, as the proper theatre for the exercise of his great talents. As an additional inducement, he was promised to be introduced into the cardinal's service, and given to expect that he would recover the whole sum for which his statue had been sold. Michael Angelo felt these advantages, and without further hesitation returned with the gentleman to Rome. The person who sold the statue was arrested, and obliged to refund the money; but Michael Angelo was not benefited, nor was the cardinal afterward sufficiently complaisant to reward him with encouragement who had been the means of mortifying his pride.

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## A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

THERE was a certain intendant of a province in China, who, out of regard to a particular friend of his, made him chief justice of the city in which he resided. It happened that the intendant, on a sudden, became inaccessible; and, under pretext of indisposition, would neither do business nor be seen. The chief justice was extremely concerned at this behaviour: he came often to his house, but was denied admittance: at last, however, it was granted him; and, when he entered, he found the intendant in a very melancholy posture. He entreated his friend not to conceal from him the cause of his trouble of mind.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.

London Fashionable Afternoon Dress.

For a while the intendant resisted the entreaties of this kind visitant; but at last told him that he had lost the imperial seal out of his cabinet, which yet remained locked, and had no marks of violence upon it; and was thereby disabled from doing any thing, and that he had no hope of recovering this necessary instrument of his office. The chief justice exhorted him to keep up his spirits; and, instead of giving himself up to despair, apply the great abilities he was known to possess in devising some means to recover the seal again. The intendant sighed, and said that was impossible. The chief justice asked him whether he had any potent enemy. 'Yes,' said the intendant; 'the governor of the city bears a strong antipathy to me, because a friend of his missed obtaining the employment I now hold.' 'Very well,' said the chief justice; 'then I have thought of a method to set all this matter right. Cause the most valuable of your effects to be brought into your inner apartment; and, as soon as they are safe, let the outward court of your palace be secretly set on fire. The governor, as it is his duty, will be forced to come to your assistance the moment the fire appears. Deliver to him the cabinet in which the seal was placed. If it was he who caused it to be stolen, he will be glad to restore it; and at all events the blame will lie at his door, not yours.'

The intendant instantly adopted the advice, and carried the scheme he had suggested into execution. The fire drew the governor to the palace, as was expected; the cabinet was delivered to him in a seeming fright; and the next day, when the danger was over, the intendant sending for it again, found the seal replaced. For the governor, finding himself over-reached, wisely compounded, by thus returning the seal, for the fraud he had committed in procuring it to be stolen. Thus, observes the Chinese chronicle, the firmness, calmness, and consequent presence of mind of the chief justice provided a remedy, when a man of superior abilities, but without constancy and equanimity, resigned all hope, and abandoned himself to despair.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

*(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)*

1. A DRESS of jonquil sarsnet or crape; the back made rather high, and the front square: the sleeves puckered, and trimmed with either a fine white lace or trimming to match. Head-dress, a rich lace handkerchief, with a Vandyke border; and the hair fastened with a gilt comb and ornamented with a small sprig or half wreath of artificial flowers in front. White gloves, and jonquil shoes.

2. The child's dress.—A frock of fine French cambric; the sleeves and bosom richly ornamented with work and border to correspond: trowsers of the same, to match.

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE Eastern style of dressing the hair continues to be very prevalent: the hair is bound and twisted on the forehead in alternate bands and knots, and confined in a similar manner behind in a caul of gold net.

In full dress is worn a round train dress of the finest India muslin, over a white satin slip, ornamented with foil and gold embroidery. The sleeves are full.—For a walking-dress, a

plain round dress of cambric; cossac spencer; cap of lilac twill sarsnet, ornamented with cords and tassels of the same colour. White or straw-coloured kid gloves; white satin shoes, or shoes the colour of the spencer.

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## A MORNING WALK

### IN SUMMER.

*By S. Y.*

'With quickened step,
Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swells on the sight, and brightens with the dawn.
Blue thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold in order drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.'
THOMSON.

AT an early hour I broke from the bands of Morpheus, and repaired to the fields to participate of the delights which this lovely season afforded. Nought disturbed the stillness of the morn, save the crowing of the village cock, and the gentle roar of some distant rills: the soothing note of Philomel had not totally subsided, but, at intervals, poured her pensive note to the gentle fanning breeze: the sun had now advanced beyond the eastern hill, and it began to grow very warm. I hastened to the side of a little brook, and under the shade of a bending willow I took my seat to enjoy a few minutes in contemplation: as I sat with a book in my hand, watching the clear silver stream, the following lines pressed on my mind: they are, I think, from the pen of *Sotheby*: however, it matters not; they were at that moment conformable to my mind and situation.

'I knew a gentle maid: I ne'er shall view
Her like again: and yet the vulgar eye
Might pass the charms I traced regardless by;
For pale her cheek, unmarked with roseate hue;
Nor beamed from her mild eye a dazzling glance,
Nor flush'd her nameless graces on the sight;
Yet beauty never woke such pure delight.
Fair was her form, as Dian's in the dance;
Her voice was music; in her silence dwelt
Expression, every look instinct with thought.
Though oft her mind, by youth to rapture wrought,
Struck forth wild wit, and fancies ever new,
The lightest touch of woe her soul would melt:
And on her lips, when gleamed a lingering smile,
Pity's warm tear gush'd down her cheek the while.
Thy like, thou gentle maid! I ne'er shall view.'

I thus indulged the fond recollection of those past happy moments, which, alas! are never to return. The cooing of a dove, on an adjoining tree, enhanced my pensiveness, and my mind began to grow melancholy. I pictured to myself the dangers I would endure, if, by the endurance, I could but obtain the object of my heart. I think when *Emett* wrote the following lines to *Julia* his misfortunes and his feelings were similar to mine.

'A pensive wanderer, compelled to rove
From thy dear converse and enchanting smiles,
To mitigate the woes of *sever'd* love,
Thus oft, with fancy's aid, the time beguiles.
I think I trace my charming *Julia* there,
Where'er the hand of Nature shews a sweet;
And through the seasons, as they mark the year,
Memorials still of all her beauties meet.
The tender graces of the youthful Spring,
The glowing loveliness of Summer mild,
The ripe luxuriance Autumn loves to fling
Abroad, are thine——but oh! through Winter wild,

Dreary and joyless, all around I see
No emblem but of banishment from thee!'

I at length arose, finding I had too far indulged the feelings of my mind, and hastily retiring from the spot, retraced my steps along the fields. The cawing rook, the blackbird and the thrush, and every little songster of the grove, were now alive to harmony, and soon banished from my breast the sad melancholy dullness with which I had been oppressed.

Walking gently on, I met a jolly throng of haymakers, singing as they hastened to their healthful toil.

'The youths, with short'ning arm and bending head,
Sweep their bright scythes along the shiver'd mead.
Three blithesome maids the grassy plunder shake;
Three drew, with gentle hand, the thrifty rake;
And three, 'mid carol sweet and jocund tale,
Scatter the breathing verdure to the gale.'

My walk soon took me into a narrow lane, enclosed by two groves of hazel-wood, which afforded a pleasant shade from the heat of the sun. I had not walked far ere I was overtaken by a neat-dressed woman with a donkey and peds, and with them a little boy, apparently about two years old. As she passed me, she uttered, 'It is very warm, sir.' 'Very warm, indeed,' answered I: 'and are you going far this road?' 'I am going to market, sir,' she replied, 'with some asparagus, some eggs, cheese, and butter, which I have in those peds.'—'Your little boy appears fatigued with his journey.' 'Yes, sir,' she exclaimed, 'no doubt but he is; he has no sister to assist him now.' As she uttered this, she shook her hands, and began to weep.—'Be comforted, good woman,' said I, 'and tell me the reason of your sorrow.'—She then wiped away the tears, and taking hold of the little boy's hand, as we trudged on, told me the whole of her daughter's misfortune. 'Poor Mary, sir, was my first and only girl; and you will not consider me vain if I tell you she was handsome, and had just reached her eighteenth year, when a young man of some respectability paid her his attention, and proposed marriage to her, and at the same time fully acquainted me of his intentions. I, as a mother, anticipated my daughter's happiness, and hoped all was well;—but, alas! shortly after my fondest hopes were frustrated. A young person of more wealth and note came to reside in our village, and sooh the faithless youth advanced, offered his perfidious vows, and promises, and left poor Mary to weep neglected. She, dearest girl! could not endure this cruel treatment: she soon fell into a decline, and died! Here again she wrung her hands, and cried bitterly.' I walked with them for a considerable distance, and was happy to find at last that I served as an anodyne to alleviate her sorrows.—The following pleasing extract from the 'Village Scenes,' will I trust not be ill applied:

'Unhappy man! what language shall impart
The cruel pangs that wound thy bleeding heart?
In vain he turns, with eyes of love, to trace
The rose and lily blooming on her face;
And sees the radiance of those orbs expire,
That erst were lighted with celestial fire;
Sees the warm hues of panting life impress'd,
And dire convulsions tear her lab'ring breast;
Feels the weak fluttering pulses sink away,
While Nature struggles in her last decay;
Then a fond look of panting love she cast,
And press'd his hand, and sigh'd, and breath'd her last.'

Read this and tremble, ye sons of perdition! and forbear to spread a blighting mildew over the fair flourishing gardens of innocence: and you, my gentle readers, plead softly for poor Mary's fate. Ye

whose hearts overflow with tenderness, and whose gentle bosoms are the seats of pity and compassion, read this, and reflect to what a state your guardless sex are liable; and shun, oh! shun the artful flatterer's wily snares, whose soft insinuating tale so often betrays you, and puts even innocence and all its meek-eyed train to rout. Know that, to gratify a momentary passion, a villain has often made the innocent wretched for life, and distressed a family that had nothing but industry for their protection and honesty for their portion.

> 'Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
> So many of your sex would not in vain
> Of broken vows and faithless men complain.'

I cannot help dropping a friendly tear while I reflect to what a sad situation many are brought; their reputation, peace, and happiness gone for ever; lost in the estimation of their friends and acquaintance, deprived of domestic comfort, and at last become a prey to repentance and sorrow. Think, dear readers! how can you pass each lingering hour when corroding thoughts disturb your peaceful moments! Then listen not to the deluding tale of the spoiler man, lest you imbibe the noxious effluvia of a poisonous vapour, which creates dissipation, and ends in sorrow and repentance. How applicable here are the lines of *Young!*

> 'Self flatter'd, unexperienced, high in hope,
> When young, with sanguine hope and streamers gay,
> We cut our cable, launch into the world,
> And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
> All in some darling enterprise embark'd:
> But where is he, can fathom its event!'

I flatter myself what I have advanced may not be offensive to the mind of any, but rather approved and attended to than neglected and despised: and be assured, the man who approaches you with honourable views scorns to use the language of romance. He will treat you as a woman of sense who despises flattery, and not as one whom he worships as the idol of the day. Think, then, how unhappy is woman; one false step for ever ruins her: while man, on the contrary, triumphs in his perfidy; and the world countenances the barbarous executioner, while it condemns the innocent victim.

With the following stanzas of Goldsmith I conclude my walk:

> 'When lovely woman stoops to folly,
> And finds, too late, that men betray;
> What charm can soothe her melancholy,
> What art can wash her guilt away?
>
> 'The only art her guilt to cover,
> To hide her shame from every eye,
> To give repentance to her lover,
> And wring his bosom—is to die!'

---

## On Dramatic Soliloquy.

THOUGH a soliloquy in the perturbation of passion is undoubtedly natural, and indeed not unfrequent in real life, yet Congreve, who has himself penned several good soliloquies, grants, perhaps with more candour than truth, that they are unnatural; and he only pretends to justify them from necessity. This he does in his dedication of the *Double Dealer*, in the following words:—'When a man, in a soliloquy, reasons with himself, and *pros* and *cons*, and weighs all his designs, we ought not to imagine that this man either talks to us or to himself: he is only thinking, and thinking (frequently) such matter as it were inexcusable folly in him to speak. But because we are concealed spectators of the plot in agitation, and the poet finds it necessary to let us know the whole mystery of his contrivance, he is willing to inform us of this person's thoughts, and to that end is forced to make use of the expedient of speech, no other better way being yet invented for the communication of thought.'

# POETICAL ESSAYS.

## ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1807.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

STILL does the trumpet's brazen throat
Pour forth a martial sound,
Still do the notes of battle float
In warlike clangour round;
Nor rural pipe, nor past'ral lay,
In peaceful descant hail the day
To grateful BRITAIN ever dear:
The thunder of embattled plains,
And shouting conquest's choral strains,
Burst on the list'ning ear.

Yet while Bellona's iron car
Whirls o'er th' ensanguin'd plains,
'Mid Hyperborean climes afar
Stern war terrific reigns;
While, with colossal power endow'd,
The ruthless minister of blood
Calls to his scatter'd naval host—
'Go forth, and bid the bolts of fate
On Britain's trembling harbours wait,
Shut commerce from her coast.'

Behold, the sov'reign queen of isles,
The empress of the waves,
Meeting the vaunt with scornful smiles,
The empty menace braves;
And see on Plata's sea-broad stream
Her banners wave, her bright arms gleam;
While, ploughing seas of classic fame,
Nile yields once more to Albion's pow'rs,
And Alexandria vails her tow'rs
To GEORGE's mightier name.

Firm are the sons that Britain leads
To combat on the main,
And firm her hardy race that treads
In steady march the plain.
And proudly may her bards record
The victor arm, the victor sword,
That drives the foe from ocean's tide;
And loudly too, with fond acclaim,
Chant trophi'd Maida's deathless fame
With military pride.

Be hush'd awhile each ruder sound,
While Britain's grateful voice
Bids all her echoing vales resound
The monarch of her choice.
Though round the tyrant's hated throne
Arm'd legions form an iron zone,
They cannot blunt guilt's scorpion sting;
While virtue's sacred shield is spread
O'er GEORGE's heav'n protected head—
The Parent and the King.

## STANZA

*From an unfinished Poem, on the Influence of Fiction.*

BY W. M. T.——

SWEET child of fancy! Fiction! thou hast pow'r
To move each various passion which we know;
Canst bid the brow with imag'd sorrows low'r,
Canst make the breast with imag'd pleasures glow.
At thy command the tears of pity flow,
Or haggard terror 'palls the drooping soul;
Yet still we listen to thy tale of woe
With anxious ear; we court thy wild controul,
And hail thee deck'd as mirth, or wrapt in mis'ry's stole!

## SONNET.

BY W. M. T.——

GRANT me, kind Heav'n! 'tis all I now desire,
A still retreat far from the noisy throng;
Where, unmolested, I may strike the lyre,
And form my rude and early warbled song:

Safe from detraction's venom-pointed tongue,
Free from the thoughts ambition's vot'ries fire,
Where calmly wandering, the woods among,
From the world's joyless scenes I may retire!
——These are the dreams of hope—but ah! they fade
Swift, at the touch of stern reality;
And soon again do life's dull cares invade,
Its heart-corroding thoughts, and misery.
O pleasing dreams, by fancy's pow'r ye're made,
And false as sun-beams in a wintry sky!

---

## YOUNG EGBERT AND GAY ROSABELL.

### A MODERN LEGENDARY BALLAD.

*By W. M. T——.*

'——They whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
With their own visions oft astonish'd droop.'
COLLINS.

'O WHY are the halls of yon castle laid waste?
And why moulder its turrets of stone?
For warder a fairer sure never hath grac'd,
This wild heath with moss over-grown.'

'O stranger, O stranger,' the warder replied
'This castle, by magical spell,
Now moulders, to punish the falsehood and pride
Of its lady, the gay Rosabell.'

'And who,' cried the stranger, 'was gay Rosabell,
Who thus feels for her falsehood and pride?
And how, by the power of magical spell,
Are the castle's fair turrets destroy'd?'

'O stranger, the gay Rosabell was a maid,
Than whom fairer none ever was seen;
For the soft smile of love round her lips sweetly play'd,
And languish'd her lovely blue een:

'And dearly young Egbert he lov'd Rosabell,
Who as dearly his love did return;
And oft on her beauties enraptur'd he'd dwell,
Whilst with transport his bosom would burn.

'One night o'er the turrets the wind shrilly howl'd,
And the light'ning gleam'd vivid around,
And hoarse on their hinges the castle-doors roll'd,
And drear was the night-raven's sound.

'The bell of yon convent toll'd dismal and sad,
And many a spectre was seen
With chalky-white cheek, in a winding-sheet clad,
To wander with fiends o'er the green.

''Twas dark as the womb of the grave, save when shed
The moon thro' a black cloud its ray;
Or glimmer'd where fed*, on the limbs of the dead,
The blood-hound and wild-dog so grey.

''Twas, O stranger! a night that might strike with affright
The soul of the warrior most bold;
But Egbert sate clasping his damsel so bright,
Whilst heedless the tempest-fiend howl'd.

'Where yet stands yon window the lovers were plac'd,
And thus Egbert in extacy cried,
Whilst he press'd in his arms the fair Rosabell's waist,
"O when shall I call thee my bride!"

"O tell me, fair maid, when thou'lt be my dear bride;
O bless me, and name the bright day;
For the moments of transport are few, but its tide
Flows swiftly, too swiftly away."

"O press me not, Egbert, nor think that I'm cold,"
Thus answer'd the gay Rosabell,
"That yet from thy wishes my hand I withold;—
How I love thee, God only can tell!

"And I call on that God that I now speak the truth,
That I never lov'd any but you:
Nor the riches of age, nor the beauty of youth,
Shall make me to Egbert untrue.

"I swear by that God, that none e'er on this breast
Hath imprinted the kisses of love;
I swear by that God that no youth ever press'd
These lips with the transports of love.

"I swear by that God"—Cried a voice, "O forbear!"
The maid turn'd in terror around;
When lo! on her neck, with a hideous stare,
A spectre his grisly arms bound.

'His lips they were black, and his cheeks they were white,
And his eyes they were yellow as gold;
And cover'd with gore was the breast of the sprite,
Thro' which you his heart might behold.

---

* It is scarce necessary to observe, that these and the subsequent variations in the stanza are common with the ancient ballad-writers and their imitators.

"His heart it was pierc'd, yet in agony beat,
And wide gap'd his throat with a wound;
And his fœtid breath fill'd, with a fev'rish heat,
The rooms of the castle around.

"O Rosabell, Rosabell," murmur'd the sprite,
"When I left you to seek Palestine,
You gave *me* such kisses of rapt'rous delight,
And swore you would ever be mine.

"O Rosabell, Rosabell! then too you call'd
On that God for to witness your truth,
And swore none e'er printed his kiss on your breast,
And swore by none other your lips had been press'd,
Nor by warrior, by old, nor by youth;

"And you call'd on that God, that, if false to your vows,
You might ne'er to the altar be led,
But clasp in your arms some grim corse for your spouse,
And your bed be the bed of the dead.

"Now Rosabell, Rosabell, false are your vows,
And you'll ne'er to the altar be led,
But clasp in your arms *my* grim corse for your spouse,
And your bed be the bed of the dead.

"I sought Palestine, in the battle was slain,
But, Rosabell, you knew it not;
But was struck with the riches and glitter so vain,
Of Egbert the lovely, the wealthy young swain,
And your vows to a warrior forgot.

"Then come to your bed, to the bed of the dead,
And clasp in your arms my grim corse:
You shall eat at your wedding the penitent's bread,
And drink of the cup of remorse."

'The grey cock crow'd, away he strode,
And Rosabell ne'er was seen more:
Young Egbert he left not the dreary abode,
But senseless he sunk on the floor.

'The morning broke, the youth awoke,
"O Rosabell!" faintly he cried,
"With ghastly look, the fiend has took
My lovely, lovely bride."

'Long was he sad, and then grew mad,
And then young Egbert he died;
Since when each e'en, by hands unseen,
This castle has been destroy'd.'

"O warder, warder," the stranger cried,
"'Tis a deadly tale you tell;
And long shall I think on this castle destroy'd,
To punish the falsehood, to punish the pride
Of its lady, the gay Rosabell *."

* The incidents of the above ballad, which are similar to Mr. Lewis's Alonzo and Imogene, are taken from a tale related in my native county. Such tales of terror are perhaps ridiculous; but they have their admirers, and to those it is inscribed.

W. M. T.

## ODE

### TO AMBITION.

*By W. M. T——.*

HENCE Ambition! demon, hence!
O'er me thou hast no pow'r;
Hence then, nor tempt me! demon, hence!
Thy charms are little recompence
For many a troubled hour.

Too well I know the wily art
With which thou chain'st the youthful heart,
And tempt'st to tread thy thorny ways;
I know as false thy prospects glare
As flits the meteor through the air,
With quick and transient blaze.

When Splendour 'midst thy throng unfurls
Her gaudy banner to the wind;
And Honour, pointing to thy sky-crown'd steep,
Maddens with potent spells the brain;
They see not where, in Mis'ry's chasm deep,
Her victim Disappointment hurls;
They see not, past thy noisy train,
Despair and Frenzy lurk behind!

Thou bidst the hero's breast with ardour glow,
And onward press unknown to fear,
Unknown to Pity's trembling tear;
Seeking thy path thro' hosts of slain,
And bounding o'er the gory plain,
As Glory calls him still pursuing,
Callous to tender Mercy's suing,
Onward still thou bidst him steer;
Till, staid amid his bold career,
He falls—he groans—and sinks beneath the deadly blow.

Prompted by thee the tyrant grasps at pow'r,
Nor hears his suff'ring country's moans,
Nor hears the thousand thousand groans
Which bid him liberty restore;
Faction's clam'rous, troubled band,
And dire Oppression blast the land,—
'Till Justice hears the nation's cries,
And 'neath her lifted axe the mighty felon dies.

For thee the poet wastes his youth
Amid the night's chill gloom:
For thee he scorns the listless joys
Which laughing Pleasure's vot'ries prize,
And seeks to triumph o'er the tomb;
But oh! he feels the freezing hand
Of proud Contempt—his hopes disperse,
And Penury's haggard spectre-band
His tender bosom pierce:—
See his fiery eye-balls roll!
Frenzy marks him for her own;—
Now, sunk in grief, his noble soul
Mourns each fond vision flown:—

And now dark Melancholy wears his frame;
In deep despondency he sinks,
And owns no more 'the magic of *a name*.'

Hence then, Ambition! demon, hence!
Haunt no more my humble bow'r;
Too well I know thy phantoms lead
To many a troubled hour!

## NIGHT.

SOFT Night, with mysteries replete,
Now sheds her silent tears;
And Contemplation holds her seat
Amid the starry spheres.

Pale Cynthia sheds her lunar beam,
A mild and friendly ray;
And on the gently-gliding stream
Diffuses mimic day.

While, peeping from the blue expanse,
Each star puts forth its light;
Whose soft'ning radiance doth enhance
The beauties of the night.

Kind sleep now soothes the wearied breast,
And ev'ry breeze is still;
Old Boreas too is lull'd to rest
Behind the northern hill.

Bold Fancy has her flight begun
With airy pinions spread;
And Meditation wanders on,
By god-like Reason led.

While I behold the beauteous scene,
What wonders meet my eyes;
Whether I scrutinise the plain,
Or read the ample skies.

Struck with surprise at ev'ry view,
How pleas'd am I to find,
At ev'ry turn, still something new
To gratify the mind.

Thus Nature's mysteries to trace
Surely old Time beguiles;
For lo! Aurora shews her face,
The rosy morning smiles.

Bright Phœbus darts his infant ray
Across the silvery plain;
And hark! the harbinger of day
Begins his matin strain.

The morning zephyr fans the rose
With dew-clad lustre fraught;—
And now the god of soft repose
Invites me to my cot.

*Marlborough.* T. J.

## VERSES
ADDRESSED BY
*A LADY TO HER HUSBAND.*

HOW slowly pass the tedious hours,
The youth I love away;
How eager pants this anxious heart,
To hail the joyous day,

When, freed from each abstracting care,
My Charles shall hither speed,
To her who shares his fondest love,
Of all her hopes the meed.

If love, the purest love, can bless,
In this our mortal state,
Serenely shall each moment pass,
And happy be our fate.

Ah! then, my love, detraction's tongue,
To you no pangs should give:
This grateful heart is all your own,
Secure of yours I live.

Malice shall all her arts employ
In vain to injure me:
Still pow'rless will her arrows fall;
They rob me not of thee. MARIA.

## A SUMMER'S DAY.

HOW sweet to rove at early morn,
To scent the balmy gale,
To view the blossoms on the thorn,
And tread the flow'ry vale.

When the sweet songsters of the grove
Their matin hymns prepare,
Which, tun'd to gratitude and love,
Their Maker's pow'r declare.

Yet still the joys which then I prove
Would lose their art to charm,
Did not the generous youth I love
Lean fondly on my arm.

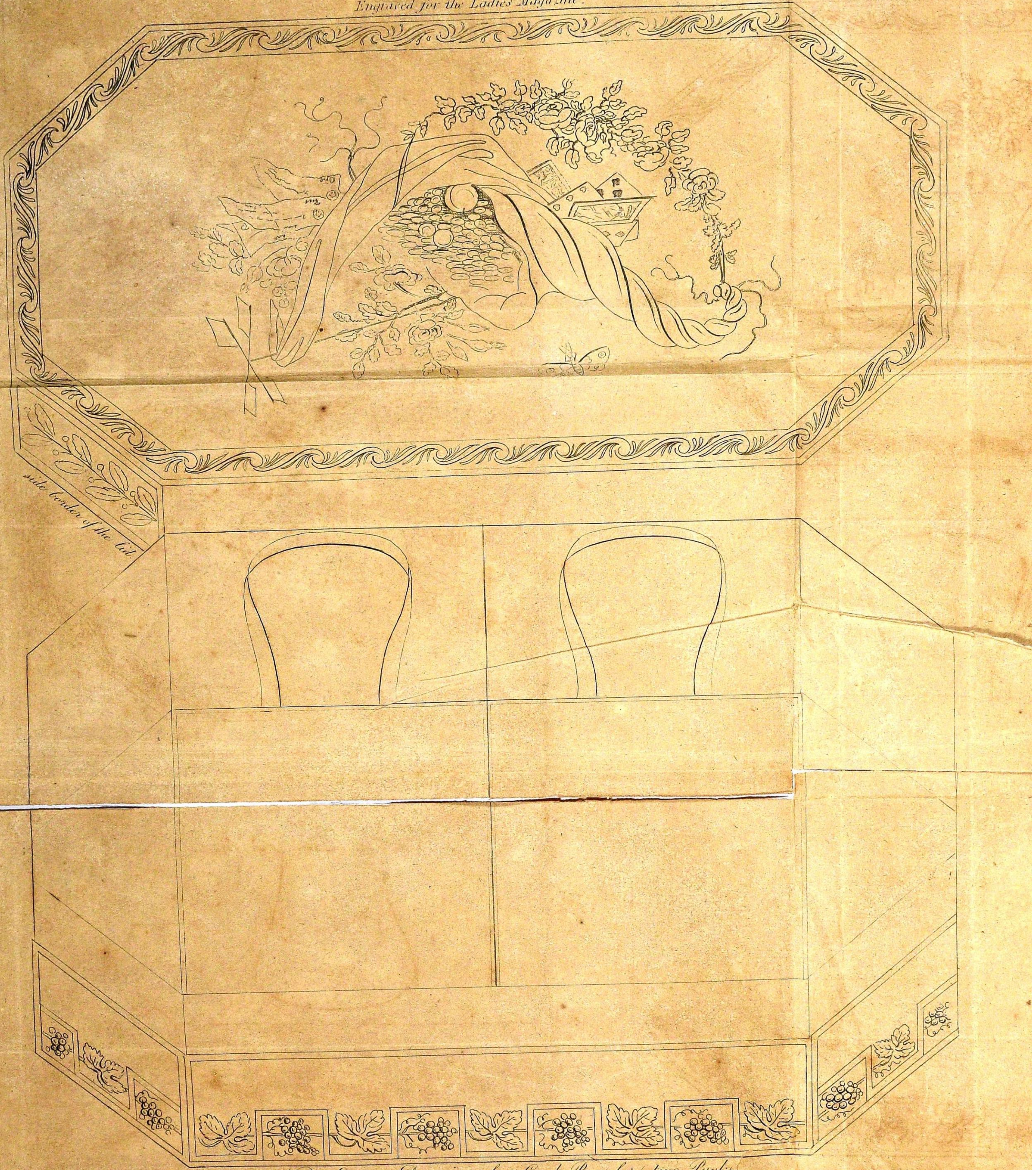
So blest, I know not any care,
Nor sorrow—but by name:
The fondest and the happiest pair—
Our pleasures all the same.

Sometimes, beside the babbling brook,
We lure the finny tribe.
I first prepare the dang'rous hook,
And Florio throws the bribe.

At eve, together still, we rove
The nightingale to hear,
Who sweetly chants the notes of love,
So tremulously clear.

In sports like these we pass the day,
When zephyrs softly blow.
Our lives are innocent and gay:
May they be ever so! MARIA.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.




New & Elegant Drawing of a Card Box for two Packs with spaces for Counters.— the Cards to lift out with Ribbons.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

*Constantinople, April* 11.

ON the 5th the capitan pacha sailed with his whole fleet, which has hitherto laid at anchor near the Seven Towers, for the Dardanelles. This fleet has on board a corps of chosen troops. The capitan pacha, a brave and experienced man, has positive orders from the Porte to attack the Russian fleet, which has, at present, only a few English ships of war with it. We therefore hourly expect advice of a sea engagement.

13. The grand vizier left this city on the 7th to repair to the Danube. He is to be followed by all the troops here. The Russians took upon them to detain the new Prussian envoy, baron Pilsach, some time at Bucharest. This minister has since arrived here by way of Widdin.

*Turkish Frontier, April* 20. It is reported that, as soon as the new pacha of Widdin, the successor of Paswan Oglou, heard that the pacha Suleimann had been killed by the Servians, after his departure from Belgrade, he ordered all the Christians of Widdin, about 3000 in number, to be murdered.

*Konigsberg, May* 5. The emperor of Russia, and the king of Prussia, after having spent a week at Georgenbourg (on the frontiers of New Eastern Prussia), have returned to Memel. The two monarchs reviewed all the troops of the new levy, which, by the route of Lithuania, are assembled in the environs of Byalystock. The emperor Alexander, who has already visited our city, is expected again here, where he has been preceded by his field equipage. During his stay at Georgenbourg and Memel, it was remarked that he shewed a particular preference for the Prussian minister, baron Hardenberg; and it is believed this marked preference not a little contributed to procure for that minister the port-folio for foreign affairs. The emperor Alexander, it is said, has condescended to consult him in every thing; and this confidence has been carried to such a degree as seriously to disquiet the Russian minister baron Budberg, who is at this moment at Konigsberg.

According to every appearance, it seems certain that the first movement of the Russian and Prussian armies will have for its object the deliverance ofthe two fortresses of Dantzic and Graudentz. According to all accounts received here, the French army is also ready to put itself in motion, and waits only the signal for attack. A great battle appears inevitable, and very near.

*Vienna, May* 9. The marching of troops, which has lately taken place, is a natural consequence of the changing of quarters throughout the army.

The Court Gazette of this day contains the following article from Turkey:—

Elfi Bey, the known Mameluke chief, died suddenly, on the 30th of January, on his journey between Damanhoura and Mahsur.

His majesty is expected back from Ofen at Vienna, without taking a certain journey that had been spoken of.

*Rostock, May* 11. We are in great want of English and colonial goods, particularly coffee and sugar, which would find a ready sale provided the supply was not too abundant at once, for the scarcity of cash is every day more and more felt. At Weimar trade is completely at a stand.

*Warsaw, May* 12. The grand army forms an uninterrupted line of 70 leagues, from Braunsberg, on the Baltic, to the Narew.

General Hutchinson is at Bartenstein, with the emperor of Russia and king of Prussia.

*Berlin, May* 13. The courier Cretet, who arrived here yesterday from the head quarters, has brought intelligence that his majesty the emperor of the French was on the 8th instant at Elbing, where he reviewed on that day 18,000 cavalry, making part of the corps of his imperial highness the grand duke of Berg.

On the right bank of the Vistula below Dantzic there is a canal which forms an island. This was defended by 1000 Russians. The French attacked the island, 400 Russians were killed, and 600 made prisoners; all the redoubts were taken, and seventeen pieces of cannon.

The French have made a lodgment in the covered way of Dantzic. The siege of that city proceeds with all the success that can be expected.

*Copenhagen, May* 16. The emperor of Russia and the king of Prussia, according to advices from East Prussia, were on the 4th of May at Bartenstein, where general Hutchinson likewise was.

General Ruchel, who has received another appointment, is succeeded in the government of Konigsberg by general Lestocq. General Blucher has received the command of the Prussian troops.

*Schwerin, May* 17. The reports of a rupture of the armistice concluded between marshal Mortier and baron Von Essen, which were circulated in consequence of the arrival of the king of Sweden at Stralsund, were entirely unfounded. His majesty has given baron Von Essen the most honourable proofs of his satisfaction with his conduct relative to the late events in Pomerania, as he alighted at his quarters, and presented him with the grand cross of the order of the sword.

The king of Sweden has left Malmoe, and is already arrived at Stralsund. It is said that 6000 Prussians and 10,000 Russians will land there, and that his majesty will take the command of these troops, general Ruchel commanding under him.

*Augsburg, May* 18. We expect here to-morrow the French horse chasseurs and cuirassiers: they will be followed by the Spanish regiment of Guadalaxara, and several other regiments. So much has been said lately of negotiations, and the reports which have been circulated are so contradictory, that it is difficult to know what to believe. It is, however, generally believed that the negotiations are not so far advanced as was believed. They say, that the emperor Napoleon, always anxious to employ all the means in his power to prevent the effusion of blood, had proposed peace to the emperor of Russia and the king of Prussia on very moderate terms; that the two sovereigns replied, that they were ready to treat, but that their connections with Great Britain and Sweden did not permit them to act without the participation of those courts. It is said, that France did not oppose this proposition, declaring that she wished for a general peace. The principle of compensations was then proposed as the basis of peace. All these propositions have been communicated to the courts of London and Stockholm, but their answers have not yet been received. The letters from Poland say, that these communications have been made through the medium of aides-de-camp, but that no diplomatic conferences have yet taken place. Baron St. Vincent, who represents the sovereign whose mediation has been accepted, had been made acquainted with what has passed; but it is feared that the intrigues of the English minister will frustrate the efforts of the friends of humanity.

*Warsaw, May* 25. The Russians have passed the Narew at several points, and attacked some of our cantonments on the right bank, which, in consequence of their distance from each other, were unable to withstand the mass that pressed upon them. The enemy had, besides the Cossacks, who are better exercised than ever, and several squadrons of regular cavalry, 1500 infantry, and eight pieces of cannon. At first they drove in several of our outposts, and

massacred those they took by surprise. Fourteen soldiers of the eighty-eighth were surrounded in a small intrenchment, and chose rather to lose their lives to a man than surrender. Not one of them survived. A company of grenadiers, of the sixty-fourth, being attacked by the Russians, the commandant of the latter, inflated with his superior numbers, advanced with a look of contempt, and ordered the French captain to surrender, when the latter, seizing a musket, levelled, and shot him dead, exclaiming 'This is the way a Frenchman surrenders.' Three battalions came to the assistance of this brave company, defeated the Russians, and pursued them sword in hand. The latter, besides, their wounded, left 150 dead upon the ground. The French lost only 60 men, and several Cossacks were drowned in the Narew.

Marshal Massena, as we learn, has obtained a signal advantage over the enemy, but we have not yet received the details. It seems the whole army is in motion.

Yesterday there was a report that the Russians had made an attack upon the whole line of the right wing under marshal Massena, but were repulsed with considerable loss. The fifth corps of the army continued in pursuit of the Russians; and marshal Massena had given orders, for the purpose of accelerating the march of the army, that all the baggage and disposable articles should be sent into the rear.

*Berlin, May* 26. Yesterday official accounts were received here from the imperial head-quarters at Finkenstein, stating that at the moment an assault was ready to be made upon the Hackelsberg, the city of Dantzic made proposals to capitulate: it is therefore probable that the French troops are now in possession of Dantzic.

The same letters mention the capture of a fine English corvette, but as they refer to other accounts not yet received, it is not possible to say at present how that corvette fell into the hands of the French. We however can assure our readers, that there is no doubt that it has been taken.

*Paris, May* 27. The English cruise constantly before Flushing; but preparations are made to receive them, should they make an attempt upon the island of Walcheron. General Monnet has a camp at West Cappel.

28. We learn from Bourdeaux that there is an extraordinary activity at that port. The administration has ordered all the vessels there of from 300 to 700 tons to be sheathed with copper. Naval officers have arrived to hasten the preparations. Our correspondent at Bourdeaux also writes that there is the same activity at Nantes. Many conjectures are formed, he adds, but no one can flatter himself with having divined the object of these movements. This however is certain, that they are labouring briskly in our dock-yards, and our hopes are directed to the sea.

*Hamburgh, May* 30. Advice has this moment been received by an extraordinary courier, that Dantzic capitulated on the 26th instant.

The want of ammunition and provisions compelled the garrison to propose terms of capitulation. It was supposed that the Russian and Prussian army would have made some attempt to prevent the fall of Dantzic, but no other attacks seem to have been made upon the enemy than those partial ones on the 16th and 18th at Weichselmunde.

*Berlin, May* 30. By letters from Trieste of the 12th, it is stated that the English at Alexandria are under great embarrassments. The Porte, immediately after admiral Duckworth's retreat, had ordered considerable detachments of troops to march from Syria to Egypt, to oppose the landing of the English; but though they were too late for this service, it is believed the English will not receive reinforcements from Malta and Sicily in time to oppose the force collecting against them. The death of Elfi Bey is a serious loss to the English: and what must increase their embarrassment is, the intelligence brought by an eye-witness, that the regiment of emigrants at Malta was in a state of insurrection, having fought several days with the rest of the troops; nor were the insurgents reduced when this deponent left the island.

# HOME NEWS.

*London, May* 26.

LAST night, some daring villains who infest St. Giles's, attempted to rob a waggon as it was passing through Broad-street, and in endeavouring to apprehend them, a watchman, and two respectable young men were wounded, so that their lives are despaired of.

*Brentford, May* 26. The election for Middlesex finally closed this day. At about ten minutes past three the poll was closed, and the total number for each candidate shortly afterwards declared to stand thus:—

For Mr. Mellish. . . . 2706
Mr. Byng. . . . . 2368
Sir C. Baynes . . . 1252

Whereupon Mr. Sayers declared, in the usual form, the decision of the sheriffs, that William Mellish, esq. and George Byng, esq. were duly elected.

*Plymouth, May* 30. Went down into Cawsand Bay, the *Foudroyant*, of 84 guns, rear-admiral Bertie; she will be off in a few days on a cruise to the westward. The *San Josef*, of 110 guns, is stripping in Hamoaze, for the purpose of being either sent into dock to be immediately repaired, or for the present laid up in ordinary till a dock is vacant; her ship's company will be sent on board the *Ville de Paris*, of 110 guns, just commissioned to receive admiral lord Gardiner's flag. Captain Bedford is appointed to the command of her, and the captain commandant of the *San Josef* is appointed to the *Hibernia*, of 110 guns, now in Cawsand Bay, she is to receive the flag of vice-admiral sir J. Saumarez, K. B, now in the *Prince of Wales*, off Brest. Passed by the *Diana* frigate to the westward. She made her number to the signal-post, and went on for the West Indies.

*London, June* 1. On Saturday morning, at seven o'clock, a fire broke out in the still-house of Messrs. Swaine and Minet, distillers, at Holborn-bridge. It appears to have arisen from the still having been over-boiled; the head flew off; and the fire by some means caught a vessel of spirits, containing about 140 gallons, which suddenly exploded. The staves were blown through the roof, which was completely shattered, fortunately avoiding the backs, in which were large quantities of spirits. If the contrary had been the case, there is no calculating on the probable damage. Three persons were materially hurt: the distiller was severely burnt and scalded: two others were much cut by the falling of the staves in the fiery state they were in, and one of them will, in all probability, lose his left leg. The engines, aided by the efforts of the volunteer corps, confined the damage to 80*l*. The explosion was so great, that all the windows, from the Swan-yard to the end of Field-lane, were shivered.

2. Every day produces stronger indications of an expedition, but as yet none of the troops in the Kent district have received orders to embark; in the mean time transports are assembling at various points; there were sixty on Saturday at Deptford, several of which were dropping down the river. At the Little Nore thirty are already assembled, fitted for troops and stores, and we hear that 100 colliers are immediately to be taken up for a similar service.

On Friday last thirty-two sail of transports, having on board some battalions of the king's German legion, sailed from Cove, for Portsmouth, under convoy of his majesty's brig *Seagul*, captain Cartwright, and *Wrangler* gun-brig.

*June* 3. A cartel arrived at Portsmouth yesterday from France. It brought over captain Woodriff, late of his majesty's ship *Calcutta*, which was taken in the year 1804, on her passage with convoy from St. Helena, by the Rochfort squadron, after a most determined resistance. We have not heard that the cartel has brought any news.

*Dublin, June* 1. On Thursday last, at two o'clock, a meeting took place near Wexford between Mr. Alcock and Mr. Colclough, candidates for that county, when, on the first fire, the latter received a shot through the heart, which instantly deprived him of existence! The origin of this fatal dispute, we understand, was in consequence of the deceased procuring the tenants of a lady, who supported the interest of Mr. Alcock, to vote against him.

On Saturday last, at two in the afternoon, Charles Cole and Richard Lane, esqrs. sheriffs of the city of Cork, waited upon his grace the duke of Richmond, to whom they presented an address from the mayor, sheriffs, and common council, as well as the freedom of the city of Cork, in a gold box. His grace was pleased to express his sentiments upon this occasion in an appropriate answer. Sir Arthur Wellesley, was also presented with the freedom of the same city in a silver box.

*York, June* 4. A duel took place on Monday morning last, a few miles from York, between Mr. Mellish, of that county, and the hon. Martin Hawke, in which Mr. Mellish was wounded; but, it is understood, not dangerously. They are both in the interest of lord Milton. Sir Thomas Gascoyne's son was second to Mr. Hawke; and Mr. Lee to Mr. Mellish.

5. This being the fifteenth day of the poll for this county, and the last day allowed for the poll, it finally closed, when the numbers were,

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. Wilberforce | 11,806 |
| Lord Milton | 11,170 |
| Hon. H. Lascelles | 10,989 |

The high sheriff, after stating the total numbers for each candidate, declared W. Wilberforce, esq. and the right hon. lord Milton duly elected to represent this county in the ensuing parliament.

Lord Milton was then chaired in the usual manner round the castle-yard, and through some of the principal streets of this city, accompanied by a most numerous body of his friends, in which he received the hearty and free acclamations of many thousands of freeholders and citizens.

Mr. Wilberforce's illness prevented his appearing on the hustings, consequently the ceremony of chairing, on his part, was dispensed with.

Thus terminated the above arduous struggle; a struggle, by all the candidates and their friends, of such strength and perseverance, as has never, at any period, been equalled at any county-election in the kingdom. Indeed, the great exertions put in force are not to be wondered at, when it is to be considered, that the representation of this extensive, populous, rich, and independent county of York, great in her manufactures, was to be the high reward of two of the candidates.

Nothing, since the days of the revolution, has ever presented to the world such a scene as has been, for fifteen days and nights, passing within this great county. Repose or rest have been unknown in it, except it was seen in a messenger, totally worn out, asleep upon his post-horse, or on his carriage. Every day the roads, in every direction, and to and from every remote corner of the county, have been covered with vehicles loaded with voters; and barouches, curricles, gigs, flying waggons, military cars, with eight horses to them, crowded sometimes with forty voters, have been scouring the country, leaving not the smallest chance for the quiet traveller to urge his humble journey, or find a chair at an inn to sit down upon.

The Stratford jubilee was only a miniature picture of it. It is reckoned, that, one day with another, about eight horses a day were found dead upon the

different roads. And every house, every room, every bed in York, by an incessant change of voters, at the rate of about two thousand a day, created a consumption of provisions that might have otherwise served this city for twelve months.

*Lynn, June 6.* A person of promising circumstance and respectable connections in life, on Monday se'nnight decoyed a girl only twelve years of age into a barn at Terrington, near Lynn, and committed a rape upon her person. The girl, when the offender accosted her, was dibbling potatoes in a field, with several other persons, who were under his orders, and to whom, as soon as released, she complained of the treatment she had received. A warrant for the apprehension of the ravisher was soon after procured; in consequence of which he absconded: but being pursued, was traced to Stamford about eleven o'clock on Thursday night. Here he took the Nelson coach, and proceeded into the north. The party in quest of him, set off after him, and about eight o'clock on Friday morning found him at breakfast at Markham Moor. Being apprehended, he acknowledged the offence with which he was charged, and said that he did not mean to evade justice, but intended, after having been into Cumberland to see his wife and three children, who were then residing there, to have returned into Norfolk to take his trial. After talking rationally and collectedly for a few minutes, he requested permission to go into the garden, which was granted, and he returned. Complaining of indisposition, he begged to retire a second time, which was permitted; but he had not been absent above two minutes, when the report of a pistol attracted attention, and the miserable man was found to have blown his brains out.—A coroner's inquest sat on his body on Saturday, and returned a verdict—*felo de se.* He was immediately buried in the cross-road near Markham Moor.

*London, June 6.* On Thursday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, as a gentleman was crossing Piccadilly, near the corner of Bond street, a chariot driving furiously along knocked him down, and the carriage went over his body. He was taken to Mr. Grange's, the fruiterer's, near the spot, where he expired in about ten minutes. The coachman escaped with very little observation of the spectators than can lead to a discovery. All that was observed was, that he had on a white livery, that there were three lamps in front of the carriage, and two females in it, apparently servants. The deceased proves to be a Mr. Lovenell, a gentleman of considerable property.

10. A serious affray took place on Sunday afternoon in St. James's market. Two or three Irishmen who were passing having been ridiculed by some butchers, retorted the abuse, and blows ensued. A great number came up to the assistance of each party, some of whom were armed with whatever articles they could catch up at the moment. The contest lasted about three quarters of an hour, until each party were so beaten that they were obliged to consent to a cessation of hostilities. Upwards of twenty were taken home dangerously wounded, and eight with fractures and broken limbs were taken to the Middlesex hospital.

11. Dispatches were received from Egypt this morning, with disasterous intelligence from the British troops in that quarter.

An expedition was sent from Alexandria to take possession of Rosetta. When the troops arrived in the town, where no opposition was expected, they found troops posted every where, and every house almost a fortified place, from which a galling and incessant fire was poured upon them. Retreat from the town was rendered necessary—they retreated into the plain, and prepared for battle. The Turks, superior in numbers, (infinitely superior they must have been to have gained any advantage over British troops!) attacked them, and after a dreadful conflict, it is with regret we add, our troops were forced to retire. Our loss is said to have amounted to 1400 men. The remainder of our troops are pent up in Alexandria.

*Dover, June 12.* A few days back a remarkable circumstance occurred near this town, in which the hand of

Providence seems particularly to have interposed. Two girls, one of whom had the care of a child, went for a walk with it on the heights, at the back of the town, when, imprudently setting it down near the edge of the cliff, and going a small distance from the spot, the child, in attempting to rise, and the ground being on the decline, rolled over; no assistance of course, on their part, could be rendered, as the cliff was nearly perpendicular, with very little growing on it. However, on their going round, which was a great distance, they discovered the child suspended by its clothes hanging to a shrub which grew out of the cliff, from whence it was with great difficulty liberated, without receiving any injury.

*London, June* 19. Yesterday morning a very extraordinary and singular event took place in Fleet-street, which was attended with serious consequences. About ten o'clock, whilst the street was thronged with passengers, a man, passing along, fired off a pistol. The ball, as appears from circumstances, must have taken an oblique direction, for in its passage it grazed the forehead of a lady, who happened to be passing at the time, and thence passed through the top window of Mr. Davison's shop, and coming in contact with some hard substance, fell to the ground, and was picked up by the shopman. The lady immediately on receiving the shot fell to the ground, and was taken up quite senseless. It was found, however, that the ball had not penetrated deeply, and there are great hopes of the lady's recovery. After having the wound dressed, she was taken home in a coach to her residence in Hatton Garden. It does not appear that the lady had any acquaintance with the man who committed the rash act. What appears most remarkable, is, that the pistol was fired with so much secrecy and caution, that no person passing at the time perceived in what manner it was done. From the best consideration it is supposed that the man intended to shoot himself, and for that purpose had placed the pistol in a slanting direction at his head; but missing his aim, the ball had passed on one side, and struck the lady, who was unluckily passing. The man, after the accident, walked away with the utmost composure, until he was seized by Mr. March, a very active officer, in Fleet-street, near St. Dunstan's church. On his being interrogated, he would give no account of the transaction. The poor man had every appearance of being a lunatic.

## BIRTHS.

*May* 21. At her house in Thayer-street, Manchester-square, the duchess De Castries, of a son.

At his house in Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of Samuel Bosanquet, esq. of a son.

24. At his house in Portland-place, the lady of Robert Lang, esq. of a daughter.

At his house in Clarges-street, the lady of William Agar, esq. of a son.

At his house in Somerset-street, the lady of Francis James Jackson, esq. of a son.

28. At Southampton, the lady of Thomas Osborne, esq. of a daughter.

*June* 3. In Hill-street, Berkley-square, the lady of Thomas Read Kemp, esq. of a daughter.

10. At his house in Manchester-street, the lady of major-general sir George Brathwaite Boughton, of a daughter.

11. At the parsonage, Hampton, the lady of the rev. T. Morgan of a daughter.

15. In Holles-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of sir George H. Barlow, bart. of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

*May* 20. At Ackworth church, John Harward Jessop, esq. of Doory, in the county of Longford, to Mrs. Solly, of Ackworth Park, Yorkshire.

25. At St. Ann's church, Philip Barrington Ainslie, esq. youngest son of the late sir Philip Ainslie, esq. of Pilton, to miss Bridget Corrie, daughter of Edgar Corrie, esq.

*June* 3. At Newington church, capt. Fotheringham, of the corps of engineers

in the honourable East-India company's service, to miss Robertson, eldest daughter of the late James Robertson, esq. of Throgmorton-street.

4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, sir John Shelley, bart. to miss Winchley, daughter and sole heiress of the late Thomas Winchley, esq.

Richard Chambers, esq. of Ely Place, to Harriet, third daughter of John Newman, esq. of Skinner-street.

9. At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Barnard Hankey, esq. of Fetcham Park, Surrey, to the hon. Elizabeth Blaquiere, second daughter of the right hon. lord De Blaquiere.

11. At Mary-le-bonne church, colonel Elford, to miss Lownds, only daughter and heiress of the late W. Lownds, esq. of Upper Clapton.

At St James's church, John Thornton, esq. eldest son of Samuel Thornton, esq. M. P. for the county of Surrey, to miss Eliza Parry, second daughter of Edward Parry, esq. chairman of the East-India company.

13. At Middlewich, Cheshire, by the rev. W. H. Heron, Philip Heacock, esq. of Buxton, Derbyshire, to Ann, eldest daughter of John Braband, esq. of the former place.

20. At St. Martin's church, Daniel Collyer, esq. of Gray's Inn, to miss Sarah Duff, the third and youngest daughter of the hon. Alexander Duff, and niece to the earl of Fife, and to George Skene, of Skene, esq.

## DEATHS.

On the 27th of April last, at Paris, in the 85th year of her age, the right hon. lady Anastatia Stafford Howard, baroness of Stafford, only surviving daughter and heir of William, earl of Stafford, who died in 1734. She was sole heir of the body of sir William Howard viscount Stafford, the only married younger son of the present duke of Norfolk's ancestor, Thomas Howard earl of Arundel. She was also sole heir of the body of that viscount's wife, Mary Stafford, baroness of Stafford, and through her, sole heir of the body of Edward the last Stafford duke of Buckingham, hereditary lord high constable of England, who was sole heir of the body of king Edward the Third's youngest son, Thomas Plantagenet, of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, and of his wife lady Eleanor Bohun, eldest daughter and coheir of the last Humphrey Bohun, earl of Hereford, Essex, and Northampton, and lord high constable of England; and whose younger sister was wife of king Henry the IVth. but from whose body there was an entire failure of issue on the death of her grandson king Henry the VIth. Notwithstanding the accumulation of Plantagenet Bohun, and Stafford heirship, which became centered in lady Anastasia Stafford Howard, she was disabled by the attainder of her ancestor, the last Stafford duke of Buckingham, in the reign of king Henry the VIIIth from possessing any of the family dignities, except the Stafford barony. She died without having ever been married. Her heir is sir William Jerningham, baronet, whose grandmother was sister of the abovementioned William earl of Stafford.

*May* 25. At Twickenham, in the 75th year of his age, major Thomas Rea Cole, he served his present majesty in the seven years war, and at the seige of Bellisle, at which he commanded the 98th regiment, was, for his good conduct, promoted to the rank of major at the age of 23 years, he had also served as chief magistrate in the town of Leeds, in Yorkshire.

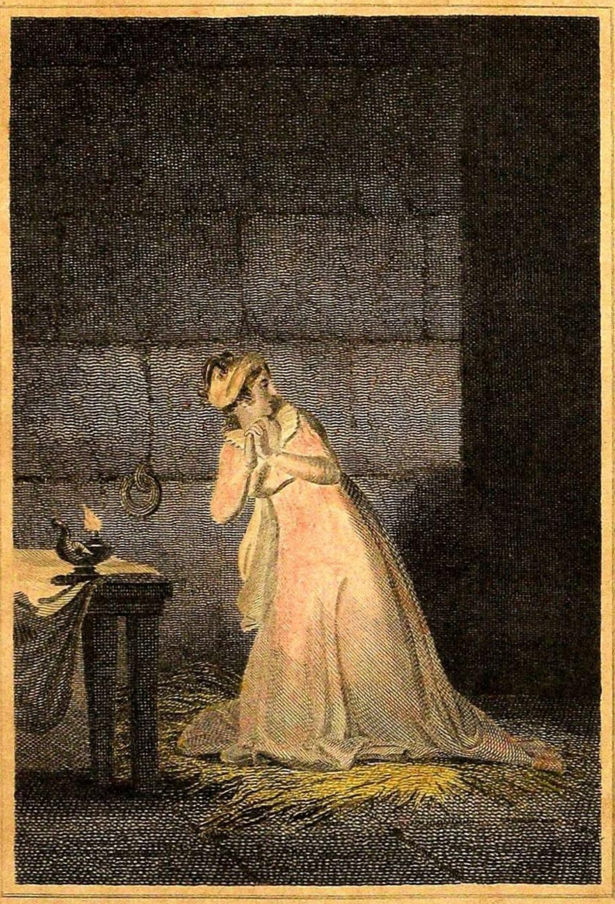
26. At his house at Brompton, Nicholas Bond, esq. one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex, &c. and for many years an active and vigilant magistrate of the police office in Bow-street.

*June* 1. At her seat, at Glympton-Park, in Oxfordshire, Mrs. Anne Wheate, in the 76th year of her age, last surviving daughter of the late sir Thomas Wheate, bart. of that county.

9. At his father's house, Camberwell Grove, Mr. John Collinson, of Queen's college, Oxford, in the 22d year of his age.

After a long and painful illness, miss Rutherford, eldest daughter of John Rutherford, esq. of Woburn Place, Russel-square, in the 20th year of her age.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



The Triumph of Constancy.